

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany.
By the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, F.R.S. S.A. London, 1821.—3 vols. supra-royal 8vo.

The Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, may be called the *Typo-Dandy*. He has long been well known in the literary world as the Beau Brummell of book-makers; and bears a strong resemblance to that renowned personage in many points. Like him, he has despised every thing plain; and, as the one must revel in the luxuries of the table, so must the other in the luxuries of the press. There is much affectation in the manners of the beau, and not a little in the style of the author. The former dresses his body *en coquette*, the latter ornaments his volume in as high a degree of fashion. The comparison holds between beautifully stiffened neck-cloths, and lily-white paper. The conversation of the first, with all its frippery, has the quality of being agreeable, and occasionally pointed; the subject matter of the last, with all its defects, has the merit of being amusing, and sometimes original. Both unite the whole gossip of their respective spheres to the deeper endowments, founded on good natural abilities, and what has been acquired by observation; and thus both, where it hath pleased them facetiously to unbend, *i. e.* the *Frai Dandy* in high company, and the *Typo Dandy* in ten guinea works, have been received with familiar welcome and tributary applause.

But with all our willingness to be entertained by Mr. Dibdin, we must pause at the end of his first volume, to say, that his laborious trifling is, upon the whole, wonderously tiresome; that his constant straining after humour, is as fatiguing as his attempts at the pathetic are laughable; and that his egotism is not merely weak, but sometimes unjust. We could pardon his own geese being all swans; and therefore his perpetual eulogies on Mr. Lewis* (to whose pencil, indeed, his book is indebted for its greatest attractions), though so puff-like and out of taste as to be rather calculated to injure than to benefit that individual, were not quite intolerable; but we consider his depreciation of Mr. Stothard, in the matter of the Bayeux tapestry, to be alike unfair and inexcusable. We are sorry to observe a similar spirit of invidiousness in many other parts. What-

* We do not mean to undervalue this amiable and excellent artist: nothing can surpass the character and spirit of his familiar subjects, the beauty and correctness of his landscape and cathedrals.

ever Mr. Dibdin possesses, is set down as rare and unrivalled; whoever or whatever he patronizes, are in his scale brilliant or supreme; and, that they may be so, there is no sparing of slights and slurs upon other persons, and the things which they esteem.

This is not a good portrait of the bibliomania; and we are glad that our personal acquaintance enables us to contrast it with some of the curious in old books, who are the most liberal of their kind, and who, we imagine, must condemn the ridiculous phraseology, the bits of *black letter* foppery, queer Latin quotations, scraps of French conversation, and other puerilities which deform these volumes; and especially to hold in reproach the invidious temper on which we have felt it to be our duty to animadvert.

Having said so much by way of preface, we shall now proceed to lay before our readers such an account of this work as, we trust, may gratify those to whom it is not likely to find its way in *propria forma*, as we believe only 750 copies (mostly subscribed) have been printed.

The title page explains the nature of the writer's objects and lucubrations. "The first volume, together with a small portion of the second, is exclusively devoted to Normandy. The treasures of the public libraries of Paris, furnish the chief materials of the second volume; and a portion of the third still belongs to France. In consequence, the account of Germany is confined within narrower limits than was originally intended." Preface, p. xiii. Mr. Dibdin, however, visited the libraries of Munich and Vienna; whence he draws some interesting stores, and particularly boasts of his good fortune in having seen "the celebrated purple MS. of a portion of the book of Genesis, adorned with the art of the fourth century." As this purple MS., however celebrated, may not be universally known, we epitomize a note, which informs us that Mr. Dibdin apprehends it to be the oldest MS. extant, and that he has described it in a former work (which see!) on the exclusive authority of Lambecius.

The "*wandering vice-president of the Roxburghers*," as he denominates himself, lands at Dieppe, and immediately begins to speak indifferent French. From Dieppe he proceeds to Rouen, Havre, Caen, Bayeux, Coutances, Granville, Vire, &c.; and, unluckily for us, we have recently (see too the Literary Gazette for 1820) travelled over the same ground with Mr. Dawson Turner, Mrs. Stothard, and other voyageurs; so that the present tourist comes upon us with "a twice-told tale, vexing the dull ear of a sleepy" reviewer. Indeed, the portion of his work devoted to Normandy is little else than a cento from these travellers: Lieut.

Hall, Cotman, Ducarel, Pommeraye, together with Montfaucon and other ancient topographers and antiquaries.

At Dieppe, we have literally nothing new, and must go on to Rouen, where we have at least an admirable engraving of the cathedral. The pursuits and inquiries of the author lead him, at all places, to inspect the monastic and church antiquities, booksellers' shops, and public libraries. The first can hardly supply novel matter; and the last two are not very prolific in Normandy. At Rouen he finds so little of ancient or valuable bibliographical art, that he fills many pages with extracts from the common religious and popular pamphlets sold by one Leclerc Labbey, the printer who "does the most business in the lower department" of "cheap books," the proprietor of "a sort of Dan Newberry's repository." His *Bibliothèque Bleue* is a collection of these "little farthing" works; and from these Mr. D. gives copious examples, to show the nature of French vulgar reading. We have the marks of a good horse, catechism of lovers, a girl's prayer for marriage, a catechism for a grown girl on the same subject, &c. &c. The litany to the latter would be reckoned profane in this country; it begins,

"Kyrie, je voudrais,
Christe, etre mariée.
Kyrie, je prie tous les Saints
Christe, que ce soit demain.
Sainte Marie, tout le Monde se Marie.
Saint Joseph, que vous ai-je fait?
Saint Nicholas, ne m'oubliez pas.
Saint—Fifteen others, and the Almighty, are invoked, "Non pour volupté, mais pour avoir des enfans qui leurs bénessent."

The confession of a *bonne femme* is of the same order, but more ludicrous, as the art of evading the main points at Confession. The priest bids her recount her sins in few words, and she plagues him with stories about the offences of others, in many. At last she is forced to her own enormities: has struck her mother, when four years old! has rejoiced in the death of a child—who was deaf, blind, and paralytic! has judged rashly of a lad and a lass—whom she saw acting improperly! has wrought on the sabbath—in putting a button on her child's clothes! and like matters, as a brief portion of the conclusion will exhibit.

"*Pénitente.*—J'ai juré Dieu.
"Confesseur.—Vous avez juré Dieu, voilà qui est fort scandaleux à une femme; et comment disez-vous?"

"P.—Je disois Ma foi.

"C.—Ce ne s'appelle pas jurer Dieu, mais seulement jurer sa foi, et quoiqu'il ne le faille jamais dire ce n'est pas toujours un péché.

"P.—J'ai blasphémé.

"C.—Comment disiez-vous?

"P.—Je disois Chienne à ma Vache!"

Such are the transcendent literary stores which the author unlocks at Rouen, in his "gropings about old alleys, old courts, byelanes, and unfrequented corners," being, as he tells us, a person of a very strange, prying, and inquisitive genius in the matter of books,—in the search of what is *curious, precious, and rare*, in the book way! Were it not for the sake of travelling abroad in search of the rare and precious, we would suggest a stroll by the wall of Hyde Park Corner, where strings of similar curiosities will reward inquisitive genius; and even about the Seven Dials of Saint Giles's, and certain other alleys and courts of London, it is quite gratifying to know how many hoards of such treasures may be discovered. But Mr. Dibdin, as a matter of taste and virtue, perhaps, prefers seeking them among the wives, daughters, canary-birds, sick-children, and other animals pertaining to Gallic stall-keepers, printers, and booksellers. Among such personages, the following character is, however, peculiar and well drawn.

This person, we are informed, "is the keenest of all bibliomaniacal hunters; and evinced, in a late acquisition, the *spring of a tiger, with the eye of a lynx*. He bought, at Rouen, the rarest of all rare mysteries (les blasphémateurs du nom de Dieu), for a few sous. [How like a tiger!] "Within three weeks of the purchase, I was told that Mr. Van-Præet made the irrepressible offer of 740 francs for the acquisition of it!—and it is now reposing upon the shelves of the royal library." [How very like a lynx!]

In the library at Rouen, is a famous missal called St. Guthlac's book, and supposed, with probability, to be of the eleventh century; as the domical table extends from 1000 to 1095. It is about 13 inches long, and 9 wide; and in other respects it resembles the duke of Devonshire's missal, written by Godemann in the tenth century, by command of the great Ethelwold. The illuminated borders, consisting of architectural ornaments, in colours and gold, together with the larger capital letters, are very splendidly executed. On the reverse of the 8th, and on the recto of the 9th leaf of the text, begins the series of illuminated subjects: such as the *Nativity, Adoration of the Magi, &c. The Flight into Egypt*, is singularly represented; Joseph being made to carry the distaff of Mary as he leads the beast on which she rides with the infant. Saint Peter has light blue hair. The *Benedictionarius*, the companion to the foregoing, is a curious volume, and perhaps of greater antiquity; and there are upwards of 800 yet uninspected manuscripts in this library. But we will break from these musty and mouldy tomes, for a living character, viz. Jacques, the prime minister of the Hotel Vatel, who is thus sketched.

"A somewhat uncomfortable detention in England for five years, in the character of 'prisoner of war,' has made him master of common-place phrases in our language; and he is not a little proud of his attainments therein. His bodily movements are nearly

* See L. G. for 1820, p. 625, for Mr. D. Turner's account of these.

as quick as those of his tongue. He rises, as well as his brethren, by five in the morning; and the testimonies of his early activity are quickly discovered in the unceasing noise of beating coats, singing French airs, and scolding the boot-boy. He rarely retires to rest before midnight; and the whole day long he is in one eternal round of occupation. When he is bordering upon impertinence, he seems to be conscious of it—declaring that 'the English make him saucy, but that naturally he is very civil.' He always speaks of human beings in the neuter gender; and to a question whether such a one has been at the Hotel, he replies, 'I have not seen *it* to-day.'

Bidding adieu to this amiable representative of the genus of French waiter, Mr. Dibdin, with his companions Mr. Lewis and Dibdin junior, left Rouen for Havre. His attempts at highly-wrought landscape on the road are, as we have observed, very much in the style of bad romance writing. His pathos must be spelt with a *b* for a *p*, or *Eritum* halt for it. Take an example from the Castle of Montmorenci.

"We ascended with fresh energies imparted from our breakfast. The day grew soft, and bright, and exhilarating; but alas! for the changes and chances of every thing in this transitory world. Where was the warder? He had ceased to blow his horn' (and his nose too) 'for many a long year. Where was the harp of the minstrel? It had perished two centuries ago, with the hand that had struck its chords. Where was the attendant guard?—or pursuivants—or men at arms? They have been swept from human existence, like the leaves of the old limes and beech trees by which the lower parts of the building were surrounded' [and like no other lime or beech leaves]. This is fine burlesque, or rather, as Dominie Abel Samson would say, prodigious!

From Havre to Caen is a short trip; and at Caen we have the details of a duel which made much noise at the time. We transcribe Mr. Dibdin's account.

"Listen. About three weeks only before our arrival, a duel was fought between a young French law student and a young Englishman, the latter the son of a naval captain. This duel, my friend, has been 'the duel of duels'—on the score of desperation and of fixed purpose to murder. It is literally without precedent, and I trust will never be considered as one." At Caen there is "a very large seminary, or college for students-at-law. These students amount to nearly 600 in number. Most young gentlemen under 20 years of age, are at times riotous, or frolicsome, or foolish. Generally speaking, however, the students conduct themselves with propriety; but there had been a law-suit between a French and English suitor, and the judge pronounced sentence in favour of our countryman. The hall was crowded with spectators, and among them was a plentiful number of law-students. As they were retiring, one young Frenchman either made frightful faces, or contemptible [qu. contemptuous!] gestures, in a very fixed and insulting manner,

at a young Englishman—the son of *this* naval captain. Our countryman had no means or power of noticing the insult, as the aggressor was surrounded by his companions. It so happened that it was fair time at Caen; and in the evening of the same day, our countryman recognized, in the crowd at the fair, the physiognomy of the young man who had insulted him in the hall of justice. He approached him, and gave him to understand that his rude behaviour should be noticed at a proper time, and in a proper place: whereupon the Frenchman came up to him, shook him violently by the arm, and told him "to fix his distance in the ensuing morning." Now the habit of duelling is very common among these law-students; but they measure 25 paces, fire, and of course miss—and then fancy themselves great heroes, and there is an end of the affair.† Not so upon the present occasion. "Fifteen paces, if you please," said the student sarcastically, with a conviction of the backwardness of his opponent to meet him. "Five rather," exclaimed the provoked antagonist—"I will fight you at five paces;" and it was agreed that they should so meet and fight on the morrow, at five paces only asunder.

"Each party was under twenty; but I believe the English youth had scarcely attained his nineteenth year. What I am about to relate, will cause your flesh to creep. It was determined by the seconds, as one must necessarily fall, from firing at so short a distance, that only one pistol should be loaded with ball: the other having nothing but powder:—and that, as the Frenchman had challenged, he was to have the first [there could be but one] choice of pistols. They parted: the seconds prepared the pistols according to agreement—and the fatal morning came. The combatants appeared, without one jot of abatement of spirit, or of cool courage. The pistols lay upon the grass before them: one loaded only with powder, and the other with powder and ball. The Frenchman advanced: took up a pistol, weighed and balanced it most carefully in his hand, and then laid it down. He seized the other pistol, and cocking it, fixed himself upon the spot from whence he was to fire. The English youth was necessarily compelled to take the abandoned pistol. Five paces were then measured, and on the signal being given, they both fired, and the Frenchman fell dead *vrow the spot*. He had in fact taken up and laid down the very pistol which was loaded with the fatal ball, on the supposition of its being too light a weight; and even seemed to compliment himself upon his supposed sagacity on the occasion. The ball went through his heart, &c. &c."

The story, which our readers will perceive is very indifferently related, goes on to say, that the French second wanted to fight the survivor, instantly, and that the latter would not consent to this combat without the sanction of a second; to find whom he coolly allowed twenty minutes, and waited that

† Mr. D. does not seem to relish this poor common sort of Caen peppering.

time ineffectually, with his watch in his hand, by the corpse of his first foe. He was then persuaded to retire; and only did so in time to save himself, as a multitude of students immediately after ran to the field, with swords and muskets, to avenge their comrade!

To this narrative of a quarrel arising out of a court of justice, we may fitly append the description of another court, at Caen, as given by the author.

"I strolled (says he) one morning to the Place de Justice. I saw two or three barristers, en pleine costume, &c. I entered the hall; and, to my astonishment, heard only a low muttering sound. Scarcely fifteen persons were present. I approached the bench; and what, think you, were the intellectual objects upon which my eye alighted? Three judges—[we thought judges were corporeal!]—all fast asleep!—five barristers, two of whom were nodding; one was literally addressing the bench—and the remaining two were talking to their clients in the most unconcerned manner imaginable."

At Caen, as at Rouen, there is a search among the book-stalls; the chief result of which is, a cut of the Prodigal Son leaving his father's house, from a paltry French print, which represents him mounting his horse in the cloak, cocked hat, and boots of a French officer. The fourth cut of this series is noted as "*l'Enfant Prodigue chassé par ses maîtresses*," and his expulsion consists in the women driving him out of doors with besoms and hair brooms. The library contains some remarkably bound books which once belonged to Diana of Poitiers.

We will not accompany Mr. Dibdin to Bayeux, nor enter upon the tapestry work (which is largely done in our last year's volume). His objection to Mr. Stothard's copy, as "too artist-like, or masterly," has excited in us, perhaps, too much displeasure; but we do most sincerely dislike the building up of one man's fame at the expense of another, and that other every way modest, ingenuous, and praiseworthy.

One of the greatest curiosities in Bayeux cathedral, is a small brass or bronze crucifix, about nine inches high, standing upon the mantle-piece; very ancient, from the character of the crown, which savours of the later period of Roman art, and is the only crown, bereft of thorns, that the author ever saw upon the head of our Saviour so represented. The eyes appear to be formed of bright brown glass.

At the conclusion of the first volume, which we have now reached, are some amusing poems of the 15th century, called *Vau-de-vires*. English versions of some of these might be rendered agreeably; but we cannot add to the length of this notice. The third volume appears to contain more of novelty and interest than its precursors; but we dare say we shall find enough to make an article like the present from each of the three.

It is repetition to add that the ornaments, of which there are no fewer than about eighty, are exquisite, and in the very best style of British art.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S JOURNAL.

Though we so very briefly announced this publication last week, we have not much to add to our notice. The work is precisely what we have heard Capt. Parry defined it to be; namely, "*A dry Journal—a better-most Log-book.*" and all the leading facts having previously crept into notoriety, there is really nothing of a popular sort to be extracted from this bulky tome. The Appendix, however, is a valuable collection of scientific observation; and would alone entitle the volume to a place in great libraries. Indeed it ought to have been eligible to all libraries; but the enormous expence of such books amounts to a prohibition upon their sale. A man in the middle rank of life, of decent fortune, say from 600*l.* to 1000*l.* per annum, even though devoted to literature, cannot afford to purchase in the course of the year more than eight or ten of these extravagant quartos; for even so many would amount to an income tax of some ten per cent.: and of all publications, those which ought most distinctly to be removed from the reproach of heavy prices, are surely such as the present—an account of an expedition paid for by the nation. Profit upon a thing of the kind ought never to be contemplated. Captain Parry's reward ought to have been found in his promotion, and the Parliamentary grant for his services, and not in a joint levy in the book market. On the contrary, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, under whose authority the Journal appears, should have given the readers of England as cheap a history of the discoveries made with public money, and in as popular a form, as the necessary cost of printing and construction of tables, &c. would permit.

Perhaps these remarks, though they may be unpalatable to the parties, will prevent a repetition of this error; and the diffusion of information on similar occasions hereafter will be deemed a clearer duty than the putting of a few hundreds into private pockets, and defrauding the country of the intelligence to which it has a just right and title. In this hope, we take leave of the disagreeable subject.

To the excellent manner in which Capt. Parry has executed his literary task, it is with much pleasure we can bear testimony. His narrative is candid and perspicuous; and though he apologizes for writing like a sailor, we can only observe, that we should be very glad to see no small number of our literati acquire the same style. If we should object to any part of his gentleman-like mode of description, it would be to the excessive lavish of compliments on giving names to remarkable points, bays, mountains, islands, &c. There is somewhat too much of this; but it is a very pardonable weakness, and very much countenanced by the fashion of writers in all times, not excluding the present era. The unassuming manner in which he states the measures adopted to preserve the health of his men, is infinitely more to his honour; and it is gratifying to record that his exertions, so

well-judged as well as indefatigable, were signally crowned by the welfare of those intrusted to his care. No officer ever merited a higher praise than Capt. Parry on this important branch of duty. Indeed their commander took a paternal care of them all.

The author relates the circumstances attending the sailors who lost their way; and the following particulars on the effect of the frost are interesting:

"The effect which exposure to severe frost has, in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was very striking in this man, as well as in two of the young gentlemen who returned after dark, and of whom we were anxious to make inquiries respecting Pearson. When I sent for them into my cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely. To those who have been much accustomed to cold countries this will be no new remark; but I cannot help thinking (and it is with this view that I speak of it) that many a man may have been punished for intoxication, who was only suffering from the benumbing effects of frost; for I have more than once seen our people in a state so exactly resembling that of the most stupid intoxication, that I should certainly have charged them with that offence, had I not been quite sure that no possible means were afforded them on Melville Island, to procure any thing stronger than snow-water."

The following is also curious:

"We had frequent occasion, in our walks on shore, to remark the deception which takes place in estimating the distance and magnitude of objects, when viewed over an unvaried surface of snow. It was not uncommon for us to direct our steps towards what we took to be a large mass of stone, at the distance of half a mile from us, but which we were able to take up in our hands after one minute's walk. (This was more particularly the case, when ascending the brow of a hill, nor did we find that the deception became less, on account of the frequency with which we experienced its effects.)

"The distance at which sounds were heard in the open air, during the continuance of intense cold, was so great as constantly to afford matter of surprise to us, notwithstanding the frequency with which we had occasion to remark it. We have for instance, often heard people distinctly conversing, in a common tone of voice, at the distance of a mile; and to-day I heard a man singing to himself as he walked along the beach, at even a greater distance than this. Another circumstance also occurred to-day, which may perhaps be considered

• Two men of the Hecla were flogged in February for drunkenness, being the first corporal punishment for thirteen months.

worthy of notice. Lieutenant Beechey, and Messrs. Beverley and Fisher, in the course of a walk which led them to a part of the harbour, about two miles directly to leeward of the ships, were surprised by suddenly perceiving a smell of smoke, so strong as even to impede their breathing, till, by walking on a little farther, they got rid of it. This circumstance shews to what a distance the smoke from the ships was carried horizontally, owing to the difficulty with which it rises at a very low temperature of the atmosphere. The appearance which had often been taken for the loom of distant and much refracted land in the south and S.b.E., was again seen to-day, having the same abrupt termination at the latter bearing as before.*

Upon this passage two remarks, of a different kind truly, occur to us: the first is to quote another proof of the Poet Thomson's accurate observation of nature. He also noticed the propagation of sound in frost:

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise;
And with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow sounding plain
Shakes from afar.*

The second, refers to the conclusion of the paragraph in which we find an almost complete justification of Captain Ross's view at the termination of his voyage. Had he only consulted his officers before he turned back, he would, we think, with this testimony to the ocular delusions of the region in which he was, have stood altogether *rectus in curia*, instead of having a degree of obliquity cast on his respected and gallant name.

Captain Parry, having availed himself largely of Mr. Fisher's Journal in the composition of his work, and our having made very copious extracts from the same source, render it the less necessary for us to go at length into the later publication, which merely relates the same circumstances, and very often in the same language. His concluding remarks may more properly be referred to, especially as the new Expedition is founded on the hypothesis they maintain. They are in substance favourable to the theory of the existence of a northwest passage into the Pacific. Captain Parry, for various reasons, expects to meet the most serious impediments midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; but having once passed that barrier, he as confidently anticipates a more ready passage into the latter than from the former. He mentions the latitude of 69°, supposing that to be about the northern coast of the American Continent, as the most likely to afford the transit sought from sea to sea; and adds, "Our experience, I think, has clearly shewn that the navigation of the Polar Seas can never be performed with any degree of certainty, without a continuity of land. It was only by watching the occasional openings between the ice and the shore, that our late progress to the westward was effected; and

* See Thomson's Winter—which will be read with increased delight, after perusing the Journals of this Expedition.—Ed.

had the land continued in the desired direction, there can be no question that we should have continued to advance, however slowly, towards the completion of our enterprise. In this respect, therefore, as well as in the improvement to be expected in the climate, there would be a manifest advantage in making the attempt on the coast of America, where we are sure that the land will not fail us. The probability of obtaining occasional supplies of wood, game, and anti-scorbutic plants; the chance of being enabled to send information by means of the natives; and the comparative facility with which the lives of the people might be saved, in case of serious and irreparable accidents happening to the ships, are also important considerations, which naturally serve to recommend this route. Should the sea on the coast of America be found moderately deep, and shelving towards the shore, (which, from the geological character of the known parts of the continent to the south, and of the Georgian Islands to the north, there is reason to believe would be the case for a considerable distance to the westward), the facility of navigation would be much increased, on account of the grounding of the heavy masses of ice in water sufficiently deep to allow the ships to take shelter behind them, at such times as the flocks close in upon the land. Farther to the westward, where the primitive formation, and perhaps even a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, is to be expected, a steep and precipitous shore would probably occur, a circumstance which the foregoing narrative has shewn to be attended with much comparative uncertainty and risk.

"The question which naturally arises, in the next place, relates to the most likely means of getting to the coast of America, so as to sail along its shores. It would, in this respect, be desirable to find an outlet from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea, as nearly as possible in the parallel of latitude in which the northern coast of America may be supposed to lie; as, however, we do not know of any such outlet from Baffin's Bay, about the parallels of 69 degrees to 70 degrees, the attempt is, perhaps, to be made with better chance of success in a still lower latitude, especially as there is a considerable portion of coast that may reasonably be supposed to offer the desired communication, which yet remains unexplored. Cumberland Strait, the passage called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, lying between Southampton Island and the coast of America, and Repulse Bay, appear to be the points most worthy of attention; and, considering the state of uncertainty in which the attempts of former navigators have left us, with regard to the extent and communication of these openings, one cannot but entertain a reasonable hope, that one, or perhaps each of them, may afford a practicable passage into the Polar Sea.

"So little indeed is known of the whole of the northern shore of Hudson's Strait, which appears, from the best information, to consist chiefly of islands, that the geography of that part of the world may be

considered altogether undetermined; so that an Expedition which should be sent to examine those parts, would soon arrive upon ground never before visited, and in which, from an inspection of the map in its present state, there certainly does seem more than an equal chance of finding the desired passage. It must be admitted, however, that any notions we may form upon this question, amount after all to no more than conjecture. As far as regards the discovery of another outlet into the Polar Sea, to the southward of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, it is evident that the enterprise is to be begun again; and we should be cautious, therefore, in entertaining too sanguine a hope of finding such a passage, the existence of which is still nearly as uncertain as it was two hundred years ago, and which possibly may not exist at all."

From the Appendix, which, as we have said, is of much scientific value,* we copy one of the most striking passages. The following is a singular account of the man's hand who lost his fingers when the house on shore was burnt:

"His hands presented a strange appearance; they were perfectly hard, inflexible, colourless, possessing a degree of translucency, exhibiting more the external character of pieces of sculptured marble, than those of animated matter. They were immediately plunged into the cold bath, where they continued for upwards of two hours ere their flexibility was completely recovered; the abstraction of heat had been so great, that the water in contact with the fingers congealed upon them, even half an hour after they had been immersed. During the cold application, a considerable degree of re-action took place, attended by acute pain, from which the patient became so faint and exhausted as to necessitate his being conveyed to bed. In less than three hours, very active inflammation had supervened, extending high up the arm, and soon afterwards each hand, from the wrist downward, was enclosed in a bladder, containing upwards of a pint of viscid serous fluid. There were, however, three of the fingers of one hand, and two of the other, in which this vesication did not form; they continued cold, and perfectly insensible; and whilst arterial action was powerful, as far as the first joints of these fingers, the vessels of their extremities were in a perfect state of collapse. During the employment of antiphlogistic remedies to reduce the inflammatory symptoms, various stimuli were used ineffectually, to restore animation to the fingers; when the inflammation began to subside, a separation took place between the dead and the living parts, and eventually the amputation of them became necessary."

We have only to add, that there is a marked deficiency of natural history in this Journal; that the charts are admirable, and the plates indifferent.

* Fisher's thermometrical tables were very imperfect, owing to the want of the plus and minus signs, to show whether the index was above or below zero. This should be rectified.

North Georgia Gazette, and Winter Chronicle. Atto. pp. 132.

This is a collection of the MS. Newspapers with which our countrymen amused themselves during their long winter at Melville Island. They do not appear to us to be worth publication in so expensive a shape; but unquestionably the interest attached to the Arctic Expedition may be some apology for their appearance. That they did not do so before, and in a more consistent form, is partly our fault, and partly our misfortune. All the officers who contributed had of course the same right in the copy; and soon after the expedition returned, we had a file of these Gazettes lent to us, with permission to extract such articles as we thought would afford pleasure to the readers of the Literary Gazette. In a fit of extra politeness, we thought it would be a compliment to Captain Parry to mention our purpose to him, and obtain his sanction. To this we received the annexed letter,* and as we had committed ourselves by the request, we could not, as gentlemen, proceed any further. We accordingly cancelled what was printed for our forthcoming Number; and the readers of the polar newspaper must consequently exhibit their half-guinea for what in our pages would not have cost them half-a-crown.

The Newspapers of Melville Island were originally fairly written out in two columns of folio paper, by the ship's clerk, and thus published to the reading population of the Hecla and Griper.

They commenced on Monday the 1st of November, and continued weekly till No. XXI, on the 20th of March.

The Journal begins with a brief Editorial preface, which is followed by a letter, in which the effect caused by the circulation of the prospectus is thus naïvely discussed—

"The interest which I take in your present plan has, however, enabled me to do more than speculate upon the probable support which your publication will receive at our hands; for you must know, that, soon after I met with your proposals, I took such a liking to them, that I immediately set to work to find out what effect they would have upon our community at large; and I have now much pleasure in assuring you, in the language of our London journals, 'that they have produced a great sensation in the public mind.'

"The very day after your Prospectus ap-

* Captain Parry presents his compliments to the Editor of the Literary Gazette, and begs to acquaint him, in reply to his letter of yesterday, that the officers who contributed to the paper in question, have some time ago consented to allow the whole to be printed in one volume, to be at the disposal of the publisher, after a certain number of copies have been given to each of the contributors, and that they are now in the press.

Captain P., therefore, cannot but express a hope, in his own name, and that of the officers, that no extracts from it may be published in any other shape.

3, Downing Street, Feb. 14th, 1821.

peared, as my reporters inform me, there was a greater demand for ink than has been known during the whole voyage; the green baize of our mess tables has been ever since covered with innumerable pen-parings, to the great detriment, by-the-by, of one of our servants, whose finger has been terribly festered by a prick he received in sweeping them off; and I have it from authority, on which you may rely, that Sergeant Martin† has, within the last week, sharpened no less than nine penknives.

"It has been remarked that our tables absolutely groan under the weight of writing desks, which for months past have not seen 'the blessed light'; and it is well known that the holds have been more than once opened of late, for the express, though not professed, purpose of getting up fresh packages of paper, originally intended for next year's consumption, but which is now destined to grace your file.

"One gentleman,* says my correspondent, 'more sly than the rest, thought he had eluded our vigilance; his chest lay in the hatchway to be opened, he took the opportunity, while he thought nobody was looking, to wrap some old clothes round the square package of paper, before he lifted it out. But as he was walking off with them into his cabin, I saw one of the corners of the tin box shining bright through an unfortunate hole in an old flannel waistcoat. When I taxed him with it, he coloured deeply, (strong symptoms, Mr. Editor!) and ran off, declaring most vehemently, that it was only a canister of gingerbread nuts! 'Nuts, indeed, they were,' adds my facetious friend, 'nuts for the editor!'

"Nor is the information, of which I am in possession, confined simply to this; for I have pryed more deeply into the business, and have before me secret intelligence of no less than seven literary contributions in embryo, with which the brains of as many youthful compositors have been teeming ever since your Prospectus appeared. I could tell you, if I chose, to which department, among those you have enumerated, each of these belongs; but as I have no doubt that they will all appear in your pages in their proper time and place, I shall say no more at present about them.

"For my own part, Mr. Editor, such is the opinion I entertain of your plan, that I have resolved, unless you lay upon me an absolute prohibition, to make a copy of each paper while it is in circulation. For, I confess, that I anticipate from your pages a fund of rational amusement, not only for the evenings of this our arctic winter, but for those of many a future one, which we all hope to spend happily in Old England; and I cannot help looking forward to the time when a paragraph of the *Winter Chronicle*, read aloud around some cheerful fire-side, may draw a tear of pride and pleasure from the eye of an aged parent, an affectionate wife, or a beloved sister. I remain, Mr. Editor,

"Your friend and well-wisher,
"PHILO COMUS."

† The sergeant of the Royal Artillery, who accompanied Captain Sabine.

The next letter contains hints on frost which we only wish we had read previous to the severe weather in January.

"The travels of the renowned Baron Munchausen, which I recollect reading when a boy, furnish strong proofs of the very singular effects resulting from extreme cold; and as it seems probable we may have to encounter a greater severity of weather than even that illustrious personage experienced, I think any idea conducive to the general or individual good of our companions, should not be hoarded in selfish concealment, but liberally given to this little world.

"After the frost shall have exhausted all its usual efforts of fixing the brandy bottle to the lips, freezing the water in the tea-kettle on the fire, congealing sounds, converting sighs into showers of snow, and briny tears into icicles, is it not probable that it may reduce the temperature of the human body so low, as to interfere with the internal economy, compelling the blood to roll through the veins and arteries in the form of peas, dropping one by one into the proper cavities of the heart, and being again discharged from thence like small shot? Now, when matters shall have arrived at such a pitch as this, there is something in the heart, stomach, or bowels, (I think the former,) of many young men called *love*, which though very hot in its nature, must at length acknowledge the frigorific influence. What then will be the result? We know that, even in the comparatively warm climate of Russia, some sorts of liquor are frozen to such a degree, that the whole strength is concentrated, perhaps, into one five-hundredth part of its original space. Now, should this be the case with love, fierce and burning in its present state, to what a deplorable situation must it reduce the unfortunate victim!—if he attempts to breathe, emitting flames like a fabled dragon, while the dissolving blood rushes along in copious streams, and after each respiration as suddenly congeals. But, oh horror! horror! should he have accustomed himself to the use of spirits—on the first kindling of the flame, up he goes like a shell, a mine, a rocket! Think of this in time, gentle youths, whose sensibility may have betrayed you into love, who 'have drank the soft poison of a speaking eye.' Root it from your bosoms ere the catastrophe arrives, with persevering fortitude and resolution, and deposit this soft delusive something where it may be at hand for use in a milder clime; there only can it avail!—then, when the moment arrives which shews you the other terrific symptoms I have mentioned, you will hail me as your friend, your guardian, your benefactor.

(Surgeon Fisher.)

"FROSTICUS."

"Should my conjectures prove correct, would it not be a national benefit to make a turn-pike road from Hudson's Bay to this dreary region? How many married pairs might here revive the almost extinct sparks of regard, and as soon as their bosoms were sufficiently warmed, set off and avoid the dangers of combustion!"

The third contribution is entitled—

ARCTIC MISERIES.

"Going out in a winter morning for the purpose of taking a walk, and before you have proceeded ten yards from the ship, getting a cold bath in the cook's steep hole."

"When on a hunting excursion, and being close to a fine deer, after several attempts to fire, discovering that your piece is neither primed nor loaded, while the animals four legs are employed in carrying away the body."

"Setting out with a piece of new bread in your pocket on a shooting party, and when you feel inclined to eat it, having occasion to observe that it is so frozen that your teeth will not penetrate it."

"Being called from table by intelligence that a wolf is approaching the vessels, which, on closer inspection, proves to be a dog; on going again below, detecting the cat in running off with your dinner."

"Returning on board your ship after an evening visit in a contemplative humour, and being roused from a pleasing reverie by the close embrace of a bear."

"Sitting down in anticipation of a comfortable breakfast, and finding that the tea, by mistake, is made of salt water."

OLD COMICAL.

A poetical effusion succeeds, and is well worth a place in the poet's corner.

The first play-bill is at least a curiosity, as it records the names of several of our brave adventurers; and we copy it in commemoration of them—

"Theatre Royal, North Georgia.—The public are respectfully informed, that the theatre will open, for the first time, on Friday next, November 5, 1819, when will be performed Garrick's celebrated farce of *Miss in her Teens*; or, *The Medley of Lovers*. *Men*, Sir Simon Loveit, Mr. Nias; Captain Fash, Mr. Bushman; Jasper, Mr. Hopper; Captain Loveit, Mr. Griffiths; Fribble, Mr. Parry; Puff, Mr. Wakeham. *Women*, Miss Biddy, Mr. Beechley; Aunt, Mr. Beverley; Tag, Mr. Hooper. Songs, by Messrs. Skene, Palmer, and Bushman, will be introduced between the acts. Previous to the performance, an appropriate address, written expressly for the occasion, will be spoken by Mr. Wakeham. Doors will open at half-past six, and the curtain will rise precisely at seven."

Lieut. Beechley was manager and scene painter, and the play went off with eclat. Mr. Wakeham seems to be the principal bard at the outset; and the following song, sung on the 5th November by Mr. Skene, is a fair example of his tuneful capacity.

Song, Mr. Skene. Tune, Jeany of Dunblaine.
Oh! what can compare with the beams of the moon,

When the bright sparkling dew-drops bespangle the thorn!

When Aurora's young blushes that deeper the sky, as you wish well, forget them!
For the Sun's flaming orb is yet mounted on high!

'Tis the soft smile of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

* A hole in the ice for steeping salt meat, &c.

When distant, far distant, from all that's held dear,
From the happy fire-side, and the friend that's sincere;

What nerves for the battle the arm of the brave,
Or bids us encounter the storm-beaten wave?
'Tis the soft smile of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

Tho' thy sons in the field are undaunted in war,
And the fame of thy chieftains resound from afar;
Tho' Nature each charm in thine island combines,
One ray of thy glory all others outshines.

'Tis the soft smile of beauty, that beams from the eyes
Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

What leads us to traverse these regions unknown,
And explore each recess of this dark frozen zone?

Tho' with thirst of renown every bosom may burn,

What reward do we hope when again we return?
'Tis the soft smile of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

Among the advertisements, there is some humour—ex. gr.

"Wanted, a middle-aged Woman, not above thirty; of good character, to assist in DRESSING the LADIES of the THEATRE. Her salary will be handsome; and she will be allowed tea and small beer into the bargain. None need apply but such as are perfectly acquainted with the business, and can produce undeniable references.—A line addressed to the Committee will be duly attended to.—N.B. A widow will be preferred."

"For sale by auction, by Nicholas Knockdown, at the Observatory, on the coldest day in January next,—A QUANTITY of NANK-KEEN, the property of a gentleman, who expected to get into the Pacific in September last."

"* * * * Flannels and furs will be gladly taken as part payment."

We believe the following fine lines, which close No. 6, are the production of Captain Parry.

Reflections on seeing the Sun set for a period of three Months. November, 1819.

Behold yon glorious orb, whose feeble ray
Mocks the proud glare of Summer's livelier day!
His noon-tide beam shot upward thro' the sky,
Scarce gilds the vault of Heaven's blue canopy—
A fainter yet, and yet a fainter light—
And lo! he leaves us now to one long cheerless night!

And is his glorious course for ever o'er?
And has he set indeed—to rise no more?
To us no more shall Spring's enlivening beam,
Unlock the fountains of the fetter'd stream—
No more the wild bird carol through the sky,
And cheer yon mountains with rude melody!

Once more shall Spring her energy resume,
And chase the horrors of this wintry gloom—
Once more shall Summer's animating ray
Enliven Nature with perpetual day—
Yon radiant orb, with self-inherent light
Shall rise, and dissipate the shades of night,
In peerless splendour repossess the sky,
And shine in renovated majesty.

In yon departing orb methinks I see
A counterpart of frail mortality.
Emblem of man! when life's declining sun
Proclaims this awful truth, "thy race is run!"
His sun once set—its bright effulgence gone,
All, all is darkness—as it ne'er had shone!

Yet not for ever is man's glory fled,
His name for ever 'numbered with the dead'—
Like yon bright orb, the immortal part of man
Shall end in glory, as it first began,—
Like Him, encircled in celestial light,
Shall rise triumphant 'midst the shades of night,
Her native energies again resume,
Dispel the dreary winter of the tomb,
And, blinding Death with all its terrors fly,
Bloom in perpetual Spring thro' all eternity!

Having selected all that seems worth it in the first 3d of this collection, we shall close the miscellany for the present—probably to take it up again.

Lays on Land; by Ismael Fitzadam, formerly able Seaman on board the—Frigate, and Author of the Harp of the Desert, containing the Battle of Algiers, &c. London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 167.

Our opinion of this interesting writer is known to be so kind and friendly; we have expressed ourselves so warmly on his behalf, and we do feel so anxious for his receiving from the world the meed his genius deserves—that we should be apt to fall into a strain, were we to speak as we think respecting him, which might be mistaken for partial praise, instead of honest criticism. To avoid this dilemma, we are induced to introduce his new work to our readers without note or comment: if the author be a true poet, his compositions will excite that admiration in others which we experience, and the public will not require us to point the finger at the beauties of his lays. We may only request those who are desirous of further information, to look at our Number 191, where several of these poems from MS. were published: their companions in this volume afford no grounds for lowering the tone of eulogy there bestowed. In other respects the author shall be his own harbingers: the following is his characteristic preface.

"The writer of the following fugitive rhymes (which are, in point of fact, a set of introductory experiments made on an element not yet familiar either to himself or his Muse), in entering the lists of print, is not without a most unchivalrous, but no doubt equally discreet, apprehension, that the hobbling gait, flaccid deportment, and amphibious awkwardness of address, peculiar to his former mode of life, may too often betray themselves in his verses, to the utter discomfiture and prostration of the bard-errant. New to *terra firma*, 'its springs and shades,' and inured to ruder scenes and themes, perhaps, however, he may be allowed some claim to the courtesy and indulgence ordinarily conceded to an adventurer in his first trial, even should he be found, now and then, to bestride and steer his Pegasus somewhat *à la Truncheon*. A sailor in an ordi-

nary mortal saddle, every body knows, is a kind of epitome of whatever is comic and ridiculous in equestrianism, from Gilpin to Gambrado; what sort of grotesque figure then must he be expected to cut, perched on the slippery back of the celestial steed of poetry—capricious bit of blood, that often flings even his trained and favourite riders, the patentees of Parnassus, into the inferno? But, although the situation, or association, may reasonably excite merriment among the bystanders, they should pause and candidly reflect, that it is, moreover, one of much peril, and more consternation, to the amazed experimenter, who never, in all his born days, encountered such jiggling and tacking before. The odds are forty to one that he loses his equilibrium, and gets his limbs broken into the bargain. Indeed, *badinage* apart, his present course is very far from being one of choice. In an assemblage of unconnected, occasional trifles, composed and brought together as these now offered to the public have been—the writer's acquaintance with social life very limited, and his topics, therefore, arising almost solely from personal feeling and accidental impulse,—there would be a monotony and a meagreness abundantly sufficient to correct an author's prepossessions and hopes; if he had allowed himself to form any. Of this he could not easily be unconscious; and much more willingly would he have postponed the experiment, and continued, on his natural element, to dudge on in a service, to which he was attached from principle, and on the altar of whose latest triumph he had laid an exulting and honest, but rude and unacknowledged, offering. But he was literally driven on shore, and that too, very much in the circumstances of a man shipwrecked on an unknown island—

"Queen'd in a boggy syrtus, neither sea
Nor good dry land, nigh foandered on he fares,"
Milton.

"In such satanic emergency, after expending his resources in the way of ruin, biscuit, and philosophy, he began gravely to cast about for some provisional expedient, some 'appliances and means' relatively suitable to the novel situation in which he so suddenly found himself placed. He first fell to 'calling of simples;' picking up wild roots and berries for present sustenance; forming such scattered flowers as he met with into little quaint bouquets; polishing and arranging a few specimens of shells, which he had collected from time to time; and subsequently busied himself in contriving some sort of fanciful and temporary bower, under which he might happily find shelter and repose, till providence would enable him to improve his precarious condition by further discovery and acquaintance with the natives of this, to him, new world. Allegory apart, such are the origin, motive, end, and apology of the present volume. The author has not yet been able to penetrate far into the 'bowels of the land,' nor describe, beyond a few chance sketches, its phenomena; but his future excursions may, perhaps, open to him a higher range of to-

pics; and, in the mean time, he must try to naturalize himself by degrees to his novel destiny."

The poems are miscellaneous, but chiefly of a melancholy cast. *The Soldier's Grave* is a fair example of these.

Scaped from the battle's whirlwind sway,
The thousand deaths of many a day—
The hurling charge—troop crushed on troop—
The war-steed's stamp, and sabre's swoop;
From breach, and bayonet's bloody roost,
And the huge cannon's earthquake shout—
Spared mid such storm, where few are spared,
Nor scathless yet when all was dared,
What battle left the soldier bore
Homeward, and hailed his native shore,
Hailed it and wept—but could no more.
Wild on that shore his eye reposed,
And mid the blessed vision closed—
The pulse that knew his native air,
Stopped, as he felt its freshness there—
The lip, remembering many a name,
Was cold ere friend or kindred came—
Alas! ere yet he left yon land,
Freed by his country's generous hand,
His strength of youth was worn and fled,
Nerveless his arm—his best blood shed—
And all of him, save hope, was dead.
Oh! had he died—a glorious zeal!—
Mid the hot storm of fire and steel,
Where oft his valour's wasting flame
Bore onward such high boon to claim—
Then proudly had his spirit past,
And triumph's cheer, enhanced his last—
But thus to spare, till hope, all wild,
Smiled on the ruin—falsely smiled—
Seemed but the cruel mock of fate
That only thus prolonged life's date
Too, at last, it was too late.
His brethren follow'd, true and dear,
In silent march the soldier's bier,
"Albeit unused to melting mood,"
Soft breathed the life, to dirge subdued,
Rolled hollowly the drum, and low,
With mournful stop, its meed of woe,
On musket leaned, and ranging round,
Each left a tear upon the mound;
Then o'er the dust, that fame may save,
Pealed their last volley to the brave—
Oh! sacred be the soldier's grave!

In a higher tone are the following stanzas, selected from a poem on the death of Major General Ross.

Bright beamed thy morn, devoted chief!
But clouds came lowering o'er thy noon,
Thy lightning-loving victor-leaf
Warped with the cypress bough too soon.
Yet what can life's tame pageant yield
So dear to Valour's fiery pride
As death amidst the thundering field—
Such death as Wolfe, and Ross have died?
Souls of the brother-brave! ye sleep
In glory—honoured, loved, deplored,—
Twin beacons o'er the western deep
To light your country's latest sword.
O'er such the angels weep in heaven—
Earth's thousand sighs their requiem swell—
Their funeral light war's winged levin—
The cannon's roar their mighty knell.
Not theirs on slow, dark couch to die,
Pain's piece-meal ordeal shuddered o'er—
Like red-hot launched from wrathful sky,
They blaze—consume—and are no more!
"And are no more!" Porgive, forgive
Phrase suited to our mortal tears—

Heroes! ye live, sublimely live,
The demigods of endless years.
Still shall your tale rouse glory's glow,
Still bid the patriot passion burn;
And love's, and beauty's, frequent woe
Shall wet the roses round your urn.

Fitzadam seems to be invariably inspired when infancy is his theme: the annexed are among lines addressed to "a child in mourning."

Of woe thou dreamest not—perchance
'Twas mercy towards thine innocence,
That, while it left thy helpless day,
Took also sorrow's sense away.

These blue, unconscious eyes of thine
Delighted deem that garment fine
Thou smilest at grief, as sweet and fair
As hope upon a sepulchre.

Thy look is like an April morn,
That's born all tears, yet smiles when born—
Like snowdrop under cloud and chill,
That feeds them not, but blossoms still.
This colour now but moves thy glee,
Yet come there may a time for thee,
When, waked to ills unfit to day,
Thou'lt weep tho' clad in garments gay.

The subjoined, from an elegy on the death of another child, are equally fine and pathetic, though the striking incident in the immediately preceding stanzas had, we think, better have been omitted.

The bower looks lone where thou didst grow;
Thy nurse's arms hang vacant now;
Thy sand or two of life is run;
Thy pantomime of being done.

Closed in thy cold and narrow bed,
Amidst the rows of ripper dead,
We piled thee in thy place of rest,
A sinless and untimely guest.

And holy lips did utter there,
O'er flesh so pure, superfluous prayer,
The prayer of crying mortal men
O'er thee, who wert an angel then!

From several sweet sonnets, we select two:

To the Swallow.

Wanderer! at last thou comest awhile to rest
Thy restless sail, for vaster voyage bound,
Dark signal reading sage from ashen leaf,
Last blown of spring, and first decaying found—
I'll not reproach thy season's sojourning,
As wayward fancy's mood hath sometimes done

With that bad faith, whose summer-wiping wing
Spurs fallen friends, and follows fortune's sun;

But I will bless thee, and pronounce thee blest,
Thou chartered libertine from winter's chain,
For that thou canst—till May-breeze breaks thy rest.

Warming thy little pulse to love again,
Lay down thy head in safe, oblivious sleep,
Or speed to sunnier isles beyond the deep.

Sonnet.

Another day is gone—the sun's I' the sea—
Sealed with the stern, irrevocable past,
One life—and more is down—and so till I
Last

Melts in the mass of round eternity.
Oh life! thy thriftless suns pass over me,
As o'er the herbless and unwatered waste
Smote with eternal barrenness and blast—
The malediction of the scripture true
Is on me—or if such dead mass make sign

Of summer, 'tis as some forgotten grave
Which brings forth nought of blade or blossom,
save
Rank, bitter weeds—would even such grave
were mine!
For this slow rotting of the spirit here
Makes death itself, a thing most wished and
dear.

We trust there is nothing of portraiture in
the last affecting strain: should there be,
even the antique minstrelsy of the next
piece could not divert the sad impression
from us.

To Zona.

Thou art not she, the maid, whose eye
Once taught mine love's young tears,
Thou art not she, whose whispered sigh,
Breathed hope, when all was fears;
No—she was simple, tender, mild,
As valley-lily pure and wild,
A woman scarce, yet more than child—

Thou art not she!

Ah! she was worth a virtuous love—
Her eye's blue mirror beamed
A spirit, meek as nestling dove,
Or erring love so deemed.
I watched the virgin-bud unclose,
As that fond bird that woos the rose,
And sang the while of lovers' woes—

Thou art not she!

Her bosom, early warned to shun
The path, where thousands err,
Sighed not—or only sighed for one,
Who sighed for none save her—
Such timid sigh, so purely moved,
Her timid heart through tears approved,
For, loving, scarce she new it loved—

Thou art not she!

No, no, that picture suits thee not,
Sketched for a maid of yore;
She lives no more, or, darker lot,
Her virtues live no more.
Wild flowers, they sought life's ruder air,
"Contagious blastments" met them there;
Where is the maid—the virtues were?

Thou art not she!

When first I pleaded purest vow,
'Twas goodness bound the spell;
Thou then wert good—what thou art now,
Oh, ask not me to tell—
Nor hint how men unfaithful prove—
I loved one maid all earth above,
But, by the sacred tear of love,

Thou art not she!

It is merely to show that our bard can
also sport with gayer topics, that we copy
what follows.

SONNET, TO A PENNYLESS POET.

(Translated from the French of Scarron.)

Dependent Bard! whose curse is to be free
Of Balbus' table,—there, lank hypocrite!
To grind stale crusts, and see the coarsest bit
Culled out, by special disrespect, for thee;
Swallowing between, with ghastliness of face,
Coarser and staler still, flat lees of wit,
Vile egotisms, and rapid *jeux-d'esprit*—
All hailed by thy broad laugh's disciplined
fit—

For honour of the sacred sisters nine,
Fly such base bondage—'tis the muse's shame—
Scorn that prosaic prejudice, to dine,
And, saint-like, greatly starve thy way to
fame;

Nay, ere live on vain Balbus' butt, and debtor,
Go hang thyself—dependent thus were better!

To a diminutive Beauty.

Thy magic form makes contradictions meet,
Love's miracle around thee cast is such;
How could I else adore thee thus, my sweet,
At once so very little—very much?

And last of all, this Don-Juanish bit of

SOBER TRUTH.

'Twas Summer's genial tide when last we
parted,
My tender Jessica, and, truth to say,
I felt so desolate, so broken hearted,
Kissing your farewell tide of tears away,
As from their two blue heavens they brightly
started

Like falling stars, or pearls unstrung in
play,
That I did fairly deem our case past cure,
A pair of sentenced martyrs à l'amour!

That bower of roses I remember well,
Where we did meet to snatch a stolen
leave;
And when love's throb to grief began to swell,
The flowers all seemed in sympathy to
grieve;
You hung upon me like a heavenly spell,
And taught your arms so round my neck to
weave,

And grew so to my heart—what could I do?
In short, I played the fond fool deep as you.

We did, in point of fact, so jump together,
So fitly pair, as ne'er did turtle-doves,
Love giving tremulous life to every feather,
Billing, and cooing out their new-born
loves

In the fresh wiring time of April weather—
One glance—the first one—mated us,
which proves,

That stray hearts sometimes meet in this
world's coterie,
Twinned, as it were, from the same human
pottery.

Such kindred hearts will still be coalescing,
Where, and whenever they may chance to
meet,
Like sister dew-drops on a leaf caressing
By sudden impulse, undefined as sweet,—
And we were one even thus—most blest, and
blessing,

Ourselves our Paradise—too cruel cheat!
Heaven of a day! but oh, how exquisite,
If one could get a lease for life of it!

'Twas summer then—all sorts of flowers
were blowing,
Sunbeam, and leaf, and blossom, decked
the year,

And now, amidst the torpid winter's snowing,
We're met again, by accident, my dear;
The flowers, alas! are gone—the leaves are
going,

And much besides somehow is missing
here—
Men's minds, and women's too, for good sound
reasons

No doubt, will sympathize with times and sea-
sons.

Oh! Time! thou art a cunning analyser
Of all our wishes, and our works, below;
Whether thou be, as sung by wight much wiser,
A "beautifier of the dead" also,

I pause not now to ask, or to deny, Sir,
The *Childe* knows best—but this at least
I know,

By ordeal slow yet sure, thou strippest the living
Of all vain charms that are of fancy's giving.

Well, both of us have gained by this old
schooler;

Come, girl, be candid—I can well forgive—
Confess it—art not comfortably cooler
On this same score?—you smile and I
believe—

Nay, check it not, I play no more the puler,
But sue that smile's most arch affirmative—
For, without any wish to fool, or flatter,
I'm quite at ease myself about the matter.

Oh! we're a race of strange and straying
things—

'Tis human nature—lot of all that be—
Love is a morning dream—the bud is spring's,
And the flower summer's,—both must
quickly flee,

Thus love evaporates on rainbow wings,
What seemed to bind and bless heaven,
earth, and sea,

Waning away to tears and sorrowings—
But let the brief flower fade—the foliage
flee—

So friendship's trunk survive the winter thro',
Time-proof, and quickening still, my girl, for
you.

We have declared that we will not try to
interest the world more than it ought natu-
rally and unwooded to be interested in this
poet: nor will we. Let it look at the title
page, and these examples "by an able sea-
man," and—that must be enough.

GERMAN DRAMA.

Mr. Grillparzer, author of the celebrated
play of Sappho, has produced at Vienna, his
new piece "The Golden Fleece." It is di-
vided into three parts. The first division,
"The Guest," a tragedy in one act, begins
with a morning sacrifice by Medea and her
female companions to the god Poronto, of-
fered before the colossal statue of the divini-
ty. King Aëtes, Medea's father, comes up
in great anxiety. Strangers from remote
countries have arrived with gold and trea-
sures, which tempt the avarice of this bar-
barian; too cowardly to use open force, he
desires his daughter, who has been initiated by
her mother in the arts of enchantment, to pre-
pare a beverage which shall benumb the senses
of the strangers, and so deliver them powerless
into his hands. Phryxus approaches with his
companions, bearing the Golden Fleece on a
lance, to conclude an amicable arrangement
with the King. He relates, that his step-
mother having alienated his father from him,
he was obliged to fly, and went to consult
the oracle at Delphi, where he saw (in a
dream) in the temple, a figure with a club
in the right hand, and long beard and hair,
and a fleece on his shoulders, which he took
off and gave to the youth, saying with a
smile, "go with victory and vengeance." On
waking, he was astonished at seeing a
statue resembling his vision standing before
him, unbound the golden fleece from his
shoulders, and having ever since used it as
an ensign, had passed unhurt through a
thousand dangers, till his arrival in this
country, where he requests the King to give
him and his followers a friendly reception;
otherwise, he will choose a settlement, de-
pending on the aid of the gods.

Against his inclination, and brooding mis-
chief, Aëtes gives the fugitive a hospitable

reception, having first caused Medea to demand his sword. His companions are overcome at the entertainment, by the strength of the enchanted potion; Phryxus alone, foreboding evil, is on his guard. He observes the whispering, and the malicious joy in the countenances of the barbarians, and attempts to fly to the sea, to seek safety on board his ship; but he is surrounded, and Aëtes follows him, to deprive him of the last of his earthly possessions, the golden fleece, (which he is bearing off on his lance,) and of his life. In this desperate situation, he takes a bold resolution; and, presenting the fleece to Aëtes, says in an elevated voice—

Take, noble host! thy guest's last property;
Lo! I confide it to thee; keep it well!
And dost Thou not return it unimpaired;
To me, unharmed, return it; may the curse
Of heaven, that rolls in thunder o'er the head
Of traitors, light upon thee! Now I feel
My heart relieved; revenge! revenge! revenge!
Thou hast my property; Mark! keep it well.

Seized with affright, Aëtes offers to return the fleece; which Phryxus declines to receive; in vain Aëtes importunes him, and he falls at last under the swords of the irritated barbarians, at the foot of the altar before the statue of Poronto; and when dying imprecates the vengeance of the god upon the murderer, who stands petrified; Medea, in horror at the bloody scene, denounces "Woe!" and the vengeance of the furies on all concerned, flies from her father, and the curtain falls.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEEN MARY'S FATAL SEAL.



Figure of the Diamond Seal of Mary Queen of Scots; the royal arms of England upon which gave such mortal offence to Elizabeth, as greatly to contribute to the death of her cousin and rival. The small type is the exact size and shape of the original; the other cut is the same enlarged, to display the arms. From the lateness at which the engraver has fulfilled his task, we are prevented from giving the history of this interesting relic till our next.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—I was much pleased with the observations of "Asbestos," inserted in your popular journal a few weeks ago, (Number 220, page 219,) on the new Tower of the Royal Exchange. That the new tower is greatly inferior to the old one, there is, I believe, but one opinion. It were much to be desired, that the shops round it could in some way be improved, so as not to disfigure

the building as they do at present, with the long pipes which run up the walls, to carry off their smoke, &c.; if the little newspaper bulks in the pillars of the principal entrance were taken away altogether, it would reflect credit on the city of London. I much wonder that "Asbestos" took no notice of the disgraceful spoliation of the beautiful spire of Bow Church. This spire, which was one of the most prominent ornaments of the city of London, has lately been rebuilt, on account, as was understood, of the injudicious use of iron in its construction having rendered it unsafe. The present spire is no more like the old one than "I to Hercules." They have "curtailed it of its fair proportions," and made it even inferior to the steeple of the new church at Shadwell, the idea of which was taken from the old spire of Bow Church. I hope some of the parishes about to build new churches will adopt this discarded spire, and restore it to the public in all its former beauty. There seems to be an opinion too prevalent, that the east end of the town needs no ornamental buildings, as was the case when the subject of the new Post Office was discussed in the House of Commons; several members took occasion to remark, that they hoped it was not intended to build a splendid structure on arches, pillars, &c. &c.; a plain building of brick and mortar was quite sufficient. The Post Office in Dublin is a very handsome building: why should it not be the same in the city of London? I think, after the money that has been expended about it, and the ground laid waste almost four years, it is time a structure of some kind were erected.—Your constant reader.

14th May, 1821.

BETA.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Copenhagen, 11th May.—The Royal Academy of Sciences has chosen M. Leopold Buch, of the Academy of Berlin, and Sir H. Davy, President of the Royal Society of London, foreign associates for the class of natural philosophy; and Professor Gauss, of Göttingen, and Professor Bessel, of Königsberg, foreign associates of the mathematical class. The Icelandic Society has elected the celebrated Baron de la Motte Fouque, (author of Undine, &c.) one of its members. Oehlenschläger's new tragedy, "Erich & Abel," has been performed for the first time with great applause.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 131. *Guess my Name.*—D. Wilkie, R.A.

This, with its companion (No. 137.—*News-mongers*), is no less skillfully executed than any of Mr. Wilkie's former works, and is only wanting in the higher interest of some of his greater subjects. Both display very powerful contrasts in effect: light within doors and light without. None of the best masters of the Flemish school have succeeded better than our countryman in the first of these pictures: the light from the casement,

striking on the floor, amounts to a perfect deception; nor is the blaze of day-light in the second, much less happy in its character. The story is well told in "Guess my Name;" and it is not difficult to guess that the female to whom the rustic is addressing his epistle, will form the agreeable surprise in the éclaircissement, which will probably lead to her change of name.

The roast meat, in the *News-mongers*, is a curious incident; and its smoking effluvia seen against the clear sky, is a novel experiment. They are charmingly painted, and admirable little pieces.

No. 173. *Portrait of a Hunter; and 330, Portrait of Rover, a favourite Spaniel, &c.*—J. Ward, R.A.

In these, Mr. Ward has poured out the full powers of his brilliant colouring; also of his practice of the executive part, and of painting; and, while they bear the stamp of nature in every detail, they equally display the qualities of grand composition. When contemplating them, we are led to wonder at the apparently opposite talents that could produce, in one instance, all that belongs to individual character, and in another, the epic of the art, which may be seen in his *Triumph of Waterloo*, upon which, though out of its course as a review of the Royal Academy, we shall here venture a few remarks.

There is, though the captions may so designate it, "method in this madness;" and notwithstanding the riot of imagination, the chaos, and, we must say, inexplicability of the allegory, it is a mass of brilliant materials, furnished by an exuberance of fancy that falls to the lot of few. Some of the materials of which this great picture is composed, astonished us with the power and vigour of their execution, no less than with the originality, and often sublimity, of their forms. The infernal parts (if we may so express ourselves), have not been exceeded, either in variety or character, by the Diableries of a Callot, or even of the Brughel (surnamed "Hellish"); and in the prostrate or fallen figures, we recognize the skill of Michael Angelo, while many of the superior intelligences are in a style above any thing we have yet seen from the pencil of this artist. We enter not into the question, how far the mingling of portrait with allegory is appropriate; but, as a work of art, this extraordinary picture justly deserves what we have said of it; and it ought to be remembered that the greatest painters of antiquity were not circumscribed, even in the lavish use of allegorical representation.

No. 145. *Le Billet; Portrait a Lady and her Daughter.*—A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Nothing can be more elegantly imagined, or more happily executed, than the composition which embodies this familiar subject. To all that belongs to its character, are added the picturesque accessories of splendid furniture, and, in the artist's peculiar way, brilliant colouring. The whole has an air of greater interest than appears to belong to the occasion; and thus we are pleased, in spite of some crudeness in the colouring, more particularly in the flesh, and the general dinginess of Mr. Chalon's pallet.

No. 225. *Poor Relations*.—F. P. Stephens.

Artists are not often happy in the titles to their subjects, or in the choice of the latter; this, however, is a happy combination of both. We cannot forget *Poor Relations* upon the canvas; and we should hope the picture will be a useful hint to all those whom it may concern. The drama of the piece is well arranged; the comfortable and amply supplied breakfast, and those who partake of it, are brought into contrast with the attendant relatives and their mourning costume; the spectator can augur nothing favourable to their suit, in the constrained looks of the lady, or in those of her spouse, who is reading the letter; and an incident that would have credited the skill of a Hogarth is seen in a pampered cat, stretched on the hearth-rug, too full and too fat to move: he is sending a peering leer to the intruders.

No. 217. *The Marriage of Richard of Shrewsbury, Duke of York, to the Lady Anne Mortimer*, &c.—J. Northcote, R.A.

It is something consoling to see those bright gleams of genius, sparkling from the "ashes of their wonted fire," that often mark the powers wasted only by age; as in the case of the late venerable President, and now in that of the equally venerable Northcote. We scarcely recollect, at any period, a more vigorous or brilliant display of this artist's pencil, than in the two pictures of the *Marriage*, &c. The *Burial of the Children in the Tower*, No. 22, may have received some alterations and additions; but scarcely, we think, sufficient to entitle it to that originality which should mark the character of an Academic Exhibition.

Mr. Stephens's character from Shakespeare has the same objection. In both instances, it must arise from the artist's partiality to a former subject.

No. 109. *Sancho Panza relating to Don Quixote the conversation he had with Dulcinea*.—T. Stephens, R.A.

There is nothing in the style of this picture different from this artist's usual works; but his manner of treating the subject is profoundly whimsical, in the contrast it displays between the love-sick melancholy of the knight and the shrewd oddity of his squire.

No. 159. *The House of Morpheus*.—H. Howard, R.A.

A poetical and elegant vision of the imagination—a class of painting between history and allegory—which appears happily adapted to the pencil of Mr. Howard; and this picture exhibits one of the most pleasing specimens of the kind. In point of execution and colouring, it is equal to any of the artist's former works. The same may be said of his *Sabrina*, No. 62; though our preference is with the former.

No. 128. *Nature playing Bubbles to her Children*.—W. Hilton, R.A.

The same classic taste that distinguishes the pencil of Mr. Howard, may be seen in that of Mr. Hilton; but, while the eye rests with pleasure on this beautiful group, in admiration of the artist's skill, we are a little disturbed at the title of the subject, and we imagine Mr. Crabbe has been forced into a meaning he never intended.

It is not Nature that blows bubbles for her children; it is Pride, Vanity, and Folly, that cheat and delude Nature's children by those visionary bubbles, that glow, indeed, with all the colours of the glittering bow, but, like it, vanish on the approach. The artist has, however, made the most of his subject; and we lose, in its contemplation, the ordinary association of blowing bubbles. The flesh-colouring is admirable; we never saw purer masses, than several of the children present to the eye. The expression also is beautiful throughout; and, as a whole, the work is deserving of high eminence in our native school.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Mr. Young, in his preface to the catalogue of Sir John Leicester's pictures, mentions a fact, strikingly illustrative of the immediate benefits which this Institution confers on our national arts; namely, that in the period of fifteen years since it was formed, upwards of 60,000, had been produced by the sale of works exhibited. Pursuing the same pa-

* In the L. G., No. 216, we inserted a list of the productions sold up to that period, (10th March) in the Exhibition for the season; consisting of 52 pictures, and amounting in price to somewhere about 2250*l*. Since then, the following works have been disposed of; and we give place to their record, as an encouragement to the arts, and a just compliment to those who thus promote them.

Halbert Glendinning, *J. J. Holt*.—T. Wilson, 50*g*s.

A Child with a Flageolet, *W. Reynolds*.—Cousins, Esq.

View of Dinant sur Meuse, *G. Arnold, jun.*—R.A.—The Rev. Archdeacon Marthon, 30*g*s.

The Lion enjoying his Repast, *E. Landseer*.—Wm. Bowles, Esq.

A Mill at Exmouth, *G. Jones*.—Rev. W. Williams. View on the Thames, *Chd. Drans*.—Rob. Williams, Esq.

Bargaining for Chains, *W. Ingleton*.—Do. The Exile, *J. Jackson*, Esq.—G. J. Cholmondeley, 40*g*s.

Moonlight, *Ph. Reinagle, R.A.*—J. Newton, Esq. River Scene, *Do.*—Do.

View in the City of Lyons, *Miss E. Marshall*.—G. Walker, Esq. 25*g*s.

The Cattle Fair, *R. B. Davis*.—50*g*s. The Rabbit Hole, *M. T. Ward*.—Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart.

A Mill, *S. W. Reynolds*.—Earl of Egremont, 30*g*s. Amblecote Waterfall, *T. Fildes*.—Do. 10*g*s.

An Ancient city, Moonlight, *T. C. Hayland*.—Lord Selkirk, 20*g*s.

A Cottage Child, *Wm. Ross*.—J. S. Forbes, 15*g*s. A Spaniel's Head, *K. Chantry*.—Marchioness of Exeter.

Cattle from Nature, *H. Melbourne*.—The Countess de Grey.

Bivouac of Cossacks, *Geo. Jones*.—The Earl of Egremont, 20*g*s.

Windsor from Eton, *Chd. Drans*.—Frederick Webb, Esq. 30*g*s.

Wood Scene, *Geo. Barrett*.—Rev. J. Gilpin, 100*g*s. Refresh and Pay, *T. Carter*.—W. H. Honison, Esq. 25*g*s.

Landscape and Figures, *Ph. Reinagle, R.A.*—Sir R. C. Glynn, Bart.

The Post, *J. Callcott*.—Barn, Esq. 30*g*s. The Embarkation of Louis XVIII. a Sketch, *The late E. Bird*.—G. Townley, Esq. 50*g*s.

triotic course in another line, there is now open at the British Gallery one of the most glorious exhibitions of Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Masters, that was ever seen in this country. Nearly 150 *chef d'œuvre* of the great masters, lent by the King and other lovers of the Arts, cover the walls. Rubens' most superb works; the sweetest of Claude's; the purest of Cnyp's; the most affecting of Guido's; the finest of Titian; Vandyke in all his vigour and truth; Correggio, Domenichino, Carlo Dolce, Tintoretto, Velasquez, Murillo, Giorgione, Guarnino, in all their various excellence; the Poussins, at once classical and interesting; the most forcible of Del Piombo; the deep-toned riches of Rembrandt; the high-finished humours of Teniers; the nature of Paul Potter, the spirit of Bourgonnion, Wouvermans; sweet landscapes, and amusing droplets of the best painters—all combine to render this collection one of the most superb that was ever put within the power of public admiration; and of the most instructive ever presented to the study of aspiring talents.

We have not room to expatiate on a theme so full of delight: but there is not a reader of the *Literary Gazette*, whom we should not be sorry to find had failed to prove the truth of our paenegyric, by visiting this delightful place.

SALE OF SIR JOSHUA'S PICTURES.

The sale of the late Lady Thimond's collection, which we briefly noticed in our last, was on Saturday crowded beyond any precedent that we know of. Mr. Christie's room seemed a proud human monument in honor of England's arts, and of her departed favourite. Beauty, rank, wealth, and sentiment, formed the living memorial; and the results of the two days occupied with this business may long be looked to as a criterion of the estimation in which our Reynolds was held, and of the value of his works. Well did the scene exemplify Shee's admirable lines, for here indeed the delightful painter

Made a Masoleum of mankind.

The curiosity, as well as interest attached to this master, led us to obtain a marked catalogue of the sale; and we are sure it will not be unacceptable to any one, that we lay the chief points which it unfolds before our readers. There were 32 pictures by Sir Joshua in the first day's sale; and 36 in the second, the whole number in this unrivalled collection thus extending to 68. The amount produced on Friday was £236 12*s*.—on Saturday, £982 18*s*. 6*d*.—total, £13,119 10*s*. 6*d*., exclusive of the sum for copies, busts, &c. connected with the name of our illustrious artist.

Having given this general summary, we shall now mention the prices and destinations of the principal pictures.

The first picture sold was a portrait of The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from France, *H. Singleton*.—The Earl of Egremont, 30*g*s.

* The net amount of the two days' sale, including works by other masters, was 15,040*l*. 13*s*.

Mrs. Hartley, as Jane Shore: its price was only 187. 7s. 6d. The first of any large value, was Sir Joshua with a book, for which portrait Lord Normanton gave 245*l.* 14*s.*; thus indicating who was to become the proprietor of the famous Cardinal Virtues, the original designs for the compartments of the window of New College, Oxford. No. 48, a woody landscape, one of the artist's few performances in that line, and perhaps rather singular than beautiful in manner, fell to the lot of Mr. Phillips, M. P., for 68*l.* 5*s.* The Resignation, an elderly man on a chair, with a head of the Ugolino cast, was sold for 131*l.* 5*s.* to Mr. Pinney: Lady Hamilton, to Mr. Lambton, for 212*l.* 2*s.*: Portrait of Sir Joshua, in spectacles, to Mr. Greenwood, for 105*l.*: a View from Richmond Hill, another, and probably one of the best landscapes by the artist, to Mr. S. Rogers, for 162*l.* 15*s.* Lord Normanton next purchased a Girl, seated on her heels, hugging a kitten, for 309*l.* 15*s.*; though in a sad state, and with a varnish like coarse turpentine, cracked into wide chasms. A pensive portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, obtained 100 guineas from Mr. Pinney. A Female Drawing, the companion to the Kitten, and a picture which struck us as an elegant specimen of the master, 106*l.* 1*s.*, Mr. S. Rogers. Mrs. Hartley, as a Bacchante, with an infant on her shoulder, 304*l.* 10*s.*, Col. Howard; who also got the Gypsy Fortune-teller (the originality of which we question) for 252*l.* A young Girl, whole length, with a scarlet muff, a charming piece of colour, and quite a Sir Joshua, 267*l.* 15*s.*, the Marquis of Landowne. The delightful picture of the Piping Shepherd Boy, was knocked down to Mr. Phillips, at 430*l.* 10*s.*; and the first day closed with two other lots of lower price, of which Mr. Fielder and Lord Lansdowne were the purchasers.

The second day was a grand day of contest. Half the aristocracy and amateurship of the metropolis met in the field. Mr. Cunliffe began the combat, by giving 31*l.* for a portrait of Sir Joshua when young. Mr. Morrit 225*l.* 15*s.* for the admired picture to which the name of Hope nursing Love has been attached. Col. Howard, for 220*l.* 10*s.*, procured a young Shepherdess, with Lambs; and Mr. Pinney, for 152*l.* 5*s.*, Contemplation, a female in white drapery, and in a pensive attitude. Lord Dunmore, in a highland garb, a bold portrait, was sold to Mr. Woodburn, for 119*l.* 14*s.*; and soon after, came on the most interesting part of the whole, viz. the putting up of the great original designs already alluded to. It was thought that these would have found their way to the king's collection, but his majesty only purchased the Dido on the funeral pile.

* This superb work is certainly one of Sir Joshua's highest, as well as happiest efforts. It is 4 feet, by 7 feet 10 inches in breadth, finely composed and coloured. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning, that the artist laboured prodigiously upon it, and had great difficulty in satisfying himself when he should finish. He had painted it so often over, and toiled so much on the draperies, that the colours were, at length, so thick, as literally to be *placed off* for alterations.

through Sir C. Long, for 735*l.* The portraits of Sir Joshua and Jarvis, who did the great window, as Shepherds at the Nativity, brought 430*l.* 10*s.* from Lord Fitzwilliam; and its companion, the Peasant Girl, Children, &c. with a torch, 420*l.* from Mr. Zachary; while Lord Fitzwilliam again came in, at 630*l.*, for the work of nearly the same size, the Shepherd Boy, Dog, and ruined Column. Mr. Danby bought young St. John and Lamb, for 183*l.* 15*s.* Charity, the centre figure of the Cardinal Virtues, and a most extraordinary picture, especially when the form and dimensions to which the painter was confined are considered, was, after a severe struggle, assigned to Lord Normanton, at the cost of 1,575*l.*, the highest sum given at the sale. The same noble person subsequently purchased the rest of these designs: Faith, at 420*l.*; Hope, at 682*l.* 10*s.*; Temperance, at 630*l.*; Justice, 1,155*l.*; Fortitude, 735*l.*; and Prudence, 367*l.* 10*s.*; total for the seven, 5,545*l.* An exquisite and expressive portrait of Admiral Lord Rodney, fetched 120*l.* 15*s.* from Mr. Tristie; and Mr. Soane was the fortunate purchaser of one of the Snakes in the Grass, and a very fine one, for 535*l.* 10*s.* A whole length of the Duchess of Marlborough, was 94*l.* 10*s.* to Mr. Woodburn; and Mr. Watson Taylor obtained an original bust of the man from whom all these delicious works emanated, for 168*l.*

Such is the outline of this very remarkable occasion; and we have nothing to conclude it with, except to say, that it lost nothing of its sentiment, of its propriety, nor of its interest, in the gentleman-like and efficient conduct of Mr. Christie.

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

No. 4. *Puckster's Cove.*—*Gastineau.*

There are forms in nature so entirely picturesque, that a bare outline of them could not fail to produce its effect upon the sight, and to create in the mind concomitant associations. Of this class (among many others in this exhibition) is *Puckster's Cove*, on which the artist has lavished his skill in a style of appropriate execution.

No. 77. *Mill at Dolgelly, Merionethshire, North Wales.*—*J. Cristall.*

This is another variety of the same class, over which the artist has spread a singular effect of chilling cold, all is in harmony with the grey colour of the stones; and their rude masonry reminds us of a passage in the *Back Dwarf* describing the construction of his habitation.

No. 35. *Shanklin, Isle of Wight.*—*Gastineau.*

Poetical, wild and romantic, equally happy in execution with *Puckster's Cove*.

No. 95. *The Altar of St. Sebastian, in the Cathedral of Anagni.*—*C. Wild.*

This is among Mr. Wild's interiors, one of the most picturesque; and while we admire the fidelity of his pencil in palaces and halls, we dwell with increase of pleasure on subjects such as these; nor is the style or execution less entitled to admiration.

No. 21. *Arrival of the Steam Packet at Southampton, from the Isle of Wight.*—*Moon-light.*—*H. Gastineau.*

From the picturesque to the familiar; Mr. Gastineau has shown his versatility of talents, and has given the sociality of his scene with a truth and effect we have never seen surpassed. Here the smoothness of his execution glides smoothly over a surface of light, stillness, and repose.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS ON PAINTING.

By Thomas Campbell, Esq.

O, thou! by whose expressive art,
Her perfect image nature sees,
In union with the graces, start,
And sweeter by reflection please!
In whose creative hand the hues,
Stol'n from yon orient rainbow shine;
I bless thee, Promethean Muse;
And hail thee brightest of the Nine!
Possessing more than mortal power;
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage in a raptur'd hour,
From Love, the lord of Nature, sprung:
Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is Joy triumphant,—sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But hush, thou pulse of pleasure dear;
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart:
Then for a beam of joy to light,
In memory's sad and wakeful eye;
Or banish from the noon of night,
Her dreams of deeper agony.
Shall song its witching cadence roll,
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat;
That-breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat:
What visions rise to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near;
Oh, hush that strain, too deeply felt,
And cease that silence too severe.

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love both taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart;
The sacred image of a friend;
All is not lost if yet possess
For me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast,
I hold the image all divine.

Or gazing thro' luxurious tears,
Melt over the departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm;
She looks, she lives, this transient hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or Glory's starry diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid,
A treasure to my soul has given,
When Beauty's canonized shade
Smiles thro' the sainted hues of heaven.
No spectre form of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest form the wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her polished grace redeems;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues

* We are led to believe that these lines, handed about among friends in Edinburgh, are by the author to whom they are assigned, and unpublished.—Ed.

The mirror of creation seems.
From Love began thy high descent;
And lovers charmed with gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee, mutely eloquent,
And hail thee brightest of the NINE!

SONNET.

"And King's Bench Walk by Pleaders vocal
made." *Anstey.*

There came to me a poor and care-worn clerk,
With visage thin and coat of rusty hue,
Who, with a sigh, did feelingly remark
The paucity of suits, and fees so few.
Just then the solemn clock slow tolled nine—
That fretful hour when clerks begin to wake,
And heavy with small beer (which they call wine)
Their way to Lincoln's Inn, or Grays' Inn please-
sant take.

But he was of the Temple, which I think
The pleasantest of all the seats of law;
Nor less because 'tis near the river's brink,
And not exactly in the city's maw.
But now, alas! few charms hath it to please
Sith there I draw out rhymes, where erst I drew
out pleas.

J. H.

ON THE EGYPTIAN TOMB.*

Pomp of Egypt's elder day,
Shade of the mighty pass'd away,
(Whose giant works still frown sublime
Mid the twilight-shades of time)
Fanes, of sculpture vast and rude,
That strew the sandy solitude,
Lo! before our startled eyes,
As at a wizard's wand, ye rise,
Glimm'ring larger thro' the gloom!
While on the secrets of the tomb,
Rapt in other times, we gaze,
The Mother-Queen of ancient days,
Her mystic symbol in her hand,
Great Isis seems herself to stand.
From mazy vaults, high-arch'd and dim,
Hark! heard ye not Osiris' hymn?
And saw ye not in order dread
The long procession of the dead?
Forms that the night of years conceal'd,
As by a flash, are here reveal'd;
Chiefs, who sung the victor song,
Scepter'd kings, a shadowy throng!
From slumber of three thousand years
Each as in life and light appears,
Stern as of yore! Yes, Vision vast,
Three thousand years have silent pass'd,
Suns of Empire risen and set,
(Whose story time can ne'er forget,) Since, in the morning of her pride,
Immense, along the Nile's green side,
The City of the Sun appear'd,
And her gigantic image rear'd.
As her own Memnon, like a trembling string,
When the Sun, with rising ray
Streaked the lonely desert gray
Sent forth its magic murmuring,
That just was heard, then died away;
So pass'd, oh Thebes! thy morning pride.
Thy glory was the sound that died!
Dark city of the desolate,
Once thou wert rich, and proud, and great.
This busy-peopled isle was then,
A waste, or roam'd by savage men,
Whose gay descendants now appear
To gaze upon thy wreck of glory here.
Phantom of that city old,

* This poem, by the Rev. Mr. Bowles, has been privately circulated, but not published. Ep.

† Thebes.

Whose mystic spolia we now behold,
A kingdom's sepulchre—oh say,
Shall Albion's own illustrious day,
Thus darkly, close? Her power, her fame
Thus pass away, a shade, a name!
The Mausoleum murmur'd as I spoke.
A spectre seem'd to rise, like tow'ring smoke.
It answer'd not, but pointed as it fled,
To the black carcase of the sightless dead;
Once more I heard the sounds of earthly strife,
And the streets ringing to the stir of life.

May, 19th.

W. L. B.

EPIGRAM.

On the Bowles and Byron controversy, respecting
Nature and Art.

Byron and Bowles, in language tart,
Each other now bespatter all—
His Lordship is a Child of "Art,"
Whilst Bowles is quite a "Natural!"

Corston, near Bath.

POETICUS.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—NO. XVII.

Paris, May 6th, 1821.

The Parisians have this year been satiated with fêtes; they have been regaled with balls, suppers, displays of fire-works, processions, in a word, all the ingredients of which public amusements are annually composed in France, whatever be the government by which they are given. This year the Municipal Council distinguished itself, and defrayed the enormous expences attending the fêtes given to the royal family. Indeed, the members of the municipal council have done every thing in their power to entertain the Parisians; they gave marriage portions to young girls; intoxicated all the porters in Paris; very politely did the honours of the table to the *Poisardes* of the different markets; and finally produced a splendid ball at the *Hotel de Ville*, to as many persons of fashion as the place was capable of containing.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the gilded apartment in which the Municipal Council gave their fête to the royal family, in honour of the christening of the Duke de Bordeaux, was the same which was fitted up on the occasion of the christening of the King of Rome! The printsellers have recently exhibited in their windows engravings which formerly represented the birth and christening of the King of Rome, and which, with the help of a trifling alteration in the heads, executed in no very artist-like way, now represent equally well, the birth and christening of the Duke de Bordeaux. All the theatres have produced *pièces de circonstance*, the authors of which have turned to good account couplets and scenes which were written for another fête, precisely ten years ago. Tricks of this sort are so common in Paris, that nobody thinks any thing of them; our poets must indeed be prodigiously rich in invention to find something new every time they are called upon to celebrate public events. A *Poet de Circonstance* is rather a lucrative profession in France.

‡ The mummy.

The republic paid them well; Buonaparte paid them still better; and under the present government cordons and pensions are awarded to them. In the distribution of favours which lately took place, several of these poets obtained the decoration of the legion of honour; and one, who probably sang in a higher strain than the rest, has been appointed an officer of that legion. Knowing that their verses will always be well rewarded, they have raised the price of the compliments which they lavish on the reigning family. Under Buonaparte their praises degenerated into gross and disgusting flattery, and the public ridiculed them. At present they are far from being relaxed in their zeal, and the hope of obtaining a cordon or a pension urges them to write the most extravagant things.

The people of Paris love to be amused. They participated in the festivals of the revolution; they thankfully joined in the diversions which Buonaparte offered to them; and they take no less delight in the public festivities given by the government of the Bourbons. The good people never suspect, when they are scrambling for rolls and sausages, struggling to carry off a flask of wine, or climbing up a greased pole to seize a watch, or a pair of silver buckles, that they are themselves exhibited for public entertainment. Previous to the establishment of the censorship, I read in one of the liberal journals of Paris, some very good remarks on the immorality of the custom of intoxicating the common people, and exciting selfish feelings among them, for the sake of amusing the upper classes, and thus degrading, instead of ennobling, the human species. It would undoubtedly be more rational and moral to suppress these disgusting scenes, to relieve the poor without ostentation, and to devote to works of benevolence the enormous sums which are absurdly lavished on public fêtes. But I doubt whether the Parisian public would approve of the change. They love to be merry in public, and the amusements which they enjoy in society are to them doubly agreeable. Consequently all the various governments that have succeeded each other in France since the revolution, have shewn themselves eager to divert the Parisians after their own taste.

A few days previous to the recent festivities, the French army lost one of its most distinguished officers, namely, Marshal Beurnonville, who by his courage raised himself from the situation of a common soldier, and gained his rank on the field of battle. The enthusiastic courage, so common among the soldiers who distinguished themselves in the wars of the revolution, did not prevent him from writing a curious rhodomontade, which was long ridiculed, and which is quite as good as any to be found in Napoleon's bulletins. Beurnonville, while he was with the army of the Moselle, drew up that famous bulletin, in which he announces to the National Convention, that in a terrible engagement, of three hours duration, he had killed upwards of a thousand enemies, while, on the other hand, the French had escaped with the loss of a Cha-

seur's little finger. He added, "that the enemy had not even the merit of depriving the chasseur of the finger, for that he had himself blown it off in the act of loading his musket." On this ludicrous bulletin, the following quatrain was written:

Quand d'ennemis tués on compte plus de mille
Nous ne perdons qu'un doigt; encore le plus petit.
Hola! Monsieur de Beurnonville,
Le petit doigt n'a pas tout dit.

Beurnonville afterwards became minister of war, fell into the hands of the Austrians, was exchanged along with other generals for the daughter of Louis the XVI. was advanced by Buonaparte, received equally well by the king, and was one of the few generals of the revolution who continued faithful to Louis in his flight to Ghent. Beurnonville was a very well informed man. He was educated for a priest, like many other generals and statesmen whom the revolution turned aside from their original destination, and elevated to the most distinguished posts, to fill which they would probably have thought themselves incapable in their youth. The more remote the period of the revolution becomes, the more we are astonished at the extraordinary impression which it produced on mankind, and at the number of distinguished characters which it brought forward on the theatre of public life.

NEWSPAPER TRAGEDIES.

Non erat his locus.

Every reader of that most interesting part of the Daily Press, entitled Accidents and Offences, must have been struck by the singular mode in which the most tragic circumstances are narrated. The detail of an afflicting event, is almost uniformly interrupted at the very climax of interest by a circumstantial, parenthetic account of some trifling and unimportant affair, that happened at the same period, or near the same place. A species of farcical interlude is played between the acts of the tragedy, as a kind interruption to our too highly excited feelings—or as a divertissement between the acts of a serious opera breaks the sombre monotony of protracted sorrow. I quote two instances of this kind from the story; but parallel ones must have fallen under the observation of many of my readers. The following are by no means exaggerated.

On Sunday evening, about half past seven o'clock, an elegantly dressed female was observed walking up and down Waterloo bridge in a distracted manner: after a moment's pause, she sprung upon the parapet, and precipitated herself into the water, with a loud shriek; two or three boats, which happened to be plying near the spot, rowed with the utmost alacrity to the rescue of the unfortunate creature. * The feelings of the persons on the bridge, were excruciated in an extraordinary manner; one lady fainted, and was carried into the shop of Mr. Staunton, the druggist, nearly opposite Somerset House, where every assistance was promptly afforded; barshorn and burnt feathers were applied, by the judicious use of which remedies suspended animation was speedily

restored. A gentleman had also his pocket picked of a white French cambric pocket handkerchief. * We are sorry to add, that all endeavours to save the unhappy lady were vain—she sunk to rise no more, but the villain was taken up, who stole the gentleman's white French cambric pocket handkerchief by — the officer, (who happened fortunately, to be crossing the bridge in order to attend his duty at — Theatre) and is now in custody for his examination. See our Bow Street intelligence.

I have marked with asterisks, the period during which the lady is left struggling in the water; while we are entertained with a report of a fainting fit on the bridge: Mr. Staunton's burnt feathers, barshorn and water, &c. &c. and coupled with an *also*, an interesting report of a gentleman's pocket being picked. We then return to the lady, who is by this time drowned; a *but*, however, introduces the pickpocket in custody,—the officer—his business on the bridge—attendance on * * * Theatre—Bow Street Intelligence. So closes this dismal tale.

On Tuesday last, about three o'clock, a gentleman's servant threw himself from the balustrade of Westminster bridge into the river; a number of boats instantly put off from Palace Yard Stairs. The man was drowned, but his hat was picked up *. Here we have first to remark, on the beautiful propriety of describing the stairs from which the boats put off; such particularities are highly interesting: the importance then of the man's hat being picked up, which fairly merges the unfortunate man; the reader is indeed breathless with anxiety when he arrives at that *but*, which is merely however a peg to hang the poor fellow's hat on.

I could quote a thousand other cases no less strong, being rather curious in this department of literature; but not being disposed to make the Literary, a Bone House, Gazette, I refer my readers to the columns of the Daily Papers, wherein they will find numberless instances of similar trifling with sensitive feelings: indeed, for a man who has a true English taste for substantial horrors, the interruption of his repast, by such extremities, is an evil of sufficient magnitude, and calls loudly for correction.—A. W.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY EDRIDGE.

Sir.—In compliance with the request relative to a deceased artist that you did me the honour to make, I have collected and noticed those periods and occurrences that are considered most important in biography.

Henry Edridge was born at Paddington, in Aug. 1769, of respectable, though not of wealthy parents. He was the youngest of several children, and owed a considerable part of his education to maternal care, which, united with some time passed in a school at Acton, formed a basis on which

* This report appeared *literatim* about 10 days since.

† We beg to thank our unknown correspondent for his prompt and feeling compliance.—Ed.

his sound mind and generous heart raised a superstructure that stood without presumption, yet yielded not in merit to scholastic learning, or dignified station. At the age of fifteen he was articled to Mr. Pether, an engraver in mezzotint; but the rising artist reluctantly submitted to copy the works of others, and his ready hand, in delineating after nature, was soon turned to profitable purpose by his master, who employed him in drawing portraits during the remainder of the seven years for which he was bound.

At an early period he became a student of the Royal Academy, and was honoured and gratified by the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whence arose that enthusiastic admiration which he felt and displayed for the works of that distinguished master; and probably no greater tribute has been paid to the productions of that artist, than by the unrivalled copies made by Edridge in water colours, on a small scale, but possessing all the breadth, colour, and force of the originals.

Before the expiration of his term with Mr. Pether, he lost his mother; and when free from his professional obligation, he married, and practised portrait painting in Dufours Court with success, that enabled him to remove to Margaret Street, and subsequently to purchase a cottage at Hanwell, with the power of supporting the whole by an income that was never more meritoriously earned, or liberally diffused.

Soon after his marriage his acquaintance with Mr. Hearne commenced; and this circumstance cherished and improved his love of nature in landscape drawing, and led to those admirable specimens of execution which now adorn the walls of the antique academy at Somerset House, and have done so in the two preceding Exhibitions. The public is well acquainted with his pencil drawings of portraits; and little need be said to those who have seen his finished likenesses in water colours, of which it is not enough to say they are unequalled, but that they are rarely if ever surpassed in oil.

The remaining observations relative to Mr. Edridge are purely domestic; but to those whose parental feelings are keen, they may be severely touching: he endured the loss of an amiable daughter, at the mature age of 17, in the year 1807; and then his sole care rested on a beloved and sickly child, an only son, whose progress in life and improvement in health were the expected rewards for all his father's labour, and whose death in 1818, after having numbered as many years as his departed sister, was a blow from which the tender heart and quick sensibility of Henry Edridge never recovered.

"Mens est, que diros sentiat ictus."

This event, connected with a very delicate state of health, reduced him to seek consolation in his study; and although in 1819 he tried to dissipate care by an excursion in France, where he collected those sketches which he intended as materials for his future employ, instead of the arduous occupation of portraiture; yet, great as his love of art was, it could not supplant the anguish arising from frustrated hope and paternal extinction;

and he fell a sacrifice to pure and intense feeling at the early age of 53, leaving a widow and innumerable friends to deplore a loss, for which there is no compensation.

I have the honour to be, &c. M. M.

Mr. Edridge was admitted to be a member of the Antiquarian Society in 1814, and of the Royal Academy in 1820. He left as his executors Dr. E. Monro and Mr. H. Hakewill, whose attentions to the deceased were exemplary; and the latter gentleman, from his peculiar opportunity, evinced a zeal in friendship that has few parallels, and would do honor to the history of humanity.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Il Turco in Italia, an Opera-buffa composed by Rossini, was brought forward last week at the King's Theatre. A band of gypsies encamped on the shores of the bay of Naples, are describing in a rich and gay chorus the pleasures of their wandering and irregular life. The sole exception to the general happiness is in Zaida, originally a Circassian and the mistress of a Turk, who from jealousy had decreed her death, from which she has been saved by the humanity of the intended executioner of the Turk's vengeance. She is associated with the gypsy band. A poet in search of incidents for a drama encounters the party, learns the romantic history of Zaida, and proposes to employ the mediation of an expected Turkish traveller with her former master, whom she still loves. The Turk (Selim Damiler) arrives at Naples, meets at the moment of debarkation with Fiorilla, a Donna Capriciosa, whose motto is, "Viva la moda, viva il piacer." An intrigue commences, to the horror of Don Geronio, her antiquated and timid husband, and the discontent of Don Narciso, her neglected Cavaliere Servente. An assignation is appointed for a masquerade, whence the Turk is to export Fiorilla to the Country of Harems; but Zaida, who learns from the Poet that the Turk is her own loved Selim, habits herself in the costume of Fiorilla, revives the affection of Selim, and Don Narciso dressed as the Turk, plays off the Lady Fiorilla, who losing her Turkish friend, thinks it prudent to reconcile herself with the husband and Cavaliere Servente. The Poet has observed and assisted in the progress of this real drama. The dialogue of the opera is light and amusing; and the music sweet and agreeable. The Signora di Begni, who made her first appearance as Fiorilla, is a singer of high finish, though her voice is not powerful; but she feels its exact capability, and her management of it shews taste and science. She is excellent as an actress; is very handsome, though exhibiting the *embonpoint*, and is a linguist of eye as well as lip. Signor di Begni, who filled the part of Don Geronio, compensates by comic talent for a voice of no prominent quality. Some of the scenery is very beautiful; and the evident exertions made to render the establishment worthy of its distinguished and numerous visitors, does the highest

credit to the present management. The ballet is at a point of higher excellence than it ever arrived at before, in England.

The Grand Tour.—A rather merry farce under this name, was produced on Tuesday at Covent Garden; and being supported by great strength of humour in Blanchard, Jones, Duruset, Liston, Yates, Emery, Mrs. Davenport, &c. &c. it met with a favourable reception. The plot consists of old materials; a lover, with Scapin assistance, deceives a father out of his lovely daughter, intended for another husband. The tricks and contrivances for effecting this purpose fill the needful acts. There is a good deal to laugh at; and the thing altogether is pleasing.

The Queen went to the opera on Thursday, when Camporese's benefit took place. The national anthem was sung once, amid tumults which take much from the enjoyment of theatrical performances.

A new opera, belonging some how or other to, if not written by Munden, the music by Shield, is spoken of at Drury Lane; a tragedy, on the story of Damon and Pythias, by Mr. Shiel, is announced at Covent Garden.

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING.—His most gracious majesty, a few days ago, submitted to a surgical operation in order to have removed a wen which threatened to grow to an inconvenient size upon his head. This operation, though not dangerous, is extremely painful; and in the present instance it occupied that able professional person Mr. A. Cooper, twelve minutes. When finished he complimented his royal patient, who had manifested the utmost fortitude throughout, never even shrinking from the instrument, and assured his majesty that there was not a soldier in his army, who could have borne the pain with more exemplary resolution. The king smiled, and replied, "I hope, Mr. Cooper, that none of our family are deficient in courage."

DEVOTION.—The Duchess de Berri proposes visiting *Notre Dame de Liesse*, a celebrated shrine in the diocese of Soissons. This church contains many testimonies of the devotion of the faithful, and among others an *ex voto* presented by Anne of Austria as a token of gratitude to Heaven for the birth of Louis XIV. The Duchess will be accompanied by the Bishops of Amiens and Soissons.—*Paris Journals.*

It is said, that a statue of the late president West, is to be erected in St. Paul's cathedral; we trust that it will differ from the majority of the monuments which disfigure that edifice.

COIN OF EDWARD IV.—A coin of this monarch was lately found near Exeter; in circumference near the size of a modern crown, but very thin. The king is represented in a ship, with a sort of three-forked crown, indented with four holes, and his sword drawn; on the other side, a sun in the centre, surmounted by a rose, and surrounded with four crowns and four lions.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The Hecla and Fury, discovery ships, and the Nautilus trans-

sport, which sailed from the Nore on the 8th instant, were all well, off Kinnaird Head, on the east coast of Scotland, on Wednesday the 16th. They had encountered very blowing weather, but the ships had sailed and steered well. They had received pilots on-board for the Shetland Isles, and were proceeding in good spirits.

GREEK MEDAL.—A silver Greek medal lately found in the ruins of Antiochia, and brought from Aleppo to Paris, has upon it a bust of Demetrius I. Soter king of Syria, together with a female head. It is a remarkable circumstance, that of all the medals of this monarch hitherto known, not one has these two together. Mr. Von Hauteroche, in his "Essais et conjectures," proves that this female head is Laodicea, the sister and consort of Demetrius I.; and confirms by an authentic monument the hypothesis of the celebrated Visconti, respecting the beautiful cameo of these two persons, which is engraved in his *Sconographie grecque*, pl. XLIII, No. 27.

Egypt.—The daily papers state that Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, two gentlemen of Cambridge, have availed themselves of facilities afforded by the Pasha of Egypt to see some parts of the Nile not heretofore visited by any European; and that they have discovered two interesting islands with about thirty entire pyramids of different sizes, and extensive ruins of temples of the most remote antiquity.

A plant of the *Arbor Iristis* has recently been imported from Malabar. This curious exotic is, about nine o'clock in the evening, covered all over with flowers of a beautiful white colour and delicate smell.—*Daily Paper.*

It is reported in literary circles, that the excellent romance of *The Cavalier*, which we reviewed in our last, is a production of some branch of the Roscoe family, if not a joint work by several of these amiable individuals. The name on the title-page is certainly fictitious.

LIVES OF THE ANCIENT DUTCH AND GERMAN PAINTERS.—In consequence of the attention now paid to ancient German art, a book giving an account of the first masters is projected by J. Schopenhauer (well known as an agreeable writer) from the scarce and extensive works of Charles Von Mander, Descamps, Sandruss, Murr, and others; whence he will complete the *Memoirs of Van Eyck, Hemling, Hugo von der Goes, Roger Bruges, Quintin Matsis, Schorrel, Lucas Von Leyden, Albert Durer, Krannach, Mabuse, Holbein, Hemskirk, &c.*

BELGIC LITERATURE.

Travels in Circassia, and Voyage to the Coasts of the Black Sea.

A bookseller at Brussels has just published the first number of "Journey in Circassia in 1818, by Mr. Taithout de Marigny." Each number is to be ornamented with lithographic engravings of topographical plans, costumes, views of the country, &c. The first number has eight well executed plates, and the author's portrait. While this work is publishing, Mr. de Marigny has just set out on another voyage to explore the coasts of

the Black Sea. His Majesty the King of the Netherlands, has been pleased to confer on him the office of Vice Consul, which it is hoped will afford him additional facilities in reaping an ample harvest of discoveries of every kind in a country so fertile in historical recollections. He is accompanied by gentlemen well versed in the oriental languages in natural history, geography, drawing, &c. We shall take further notice of his Tour in Circassia now publishing.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL. MAY. 1821.

Thursday, 17—Thermometer from 34 to 83.
Barometer from 29.84 to 29.79.
Friday, 18—Thermometer from 36 to 57.
Barometer from 29.84 to 30.07.
Saturday, 19—Thermometer from 34 to 65.
Barometer from 30.21 to 30.17.
Sunday, 20—Thermometer from 39 to 57.
Barometer from 30.14 to 30.13.
Monday, 21—Thermometer from 32 to 57.
Barometer from 30.10 to 30.06.
Tuesday, 22—Thermometer from 32 to 56.
Barometer from 30.01 to 29.89.
Wednesday, 23—Thermometer from 37 to 50.
Barometer from 29.78 to 29.74.
Rain fallen during the week .675 of an inch.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

ERRATA.—In our last, page 317, col. 3, l. 36, for *Taracorell* read *Theracorell*.

Notices of new and forthcoming works, we beg to remind our correspondents who favour us with them, cannot be inserted in the *Literary Gazette* as in a Magazine, being subject to an advertisement duty, as in a Newspaper; in our case, indeed, to a double duty, as we pay one on our unstamped as well as on our stamped edition. As misapprehension still occurs on this point, it may be repeated, that the *Literary Gazette* is stamped, that it may be sent by post. The *London Literary Gazette*, for delivery in London, or in parcels to the country, does not require this, and can, consequently, be sold at 8d., while the former is 1s. The convenience of this arrangement has been proved, by the sale of two thousand of our unstamped, to one of our stamped editions.

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE Gallery will be opened on Monday next, the 21st instant, with a Collection of the Works of the ancient Masters.
Mr. West's Picture of "Christ healing the Sick," will also be placed in the Gallery, with a Proof, to show the advanced state of the Plate, and which Mr. Heath has assured the Directors shall be completed before the 1st of July next.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Cardinal Fesch's valuable Library.

Price two Shillings, Part the First.

A CATALOGUE of the extensive LIBRARY of his Excellency the CARDINAL FESCH, (Vicar to the Emperor Napoleon,) particularly rich in Biblical and Local Ecclesiastical History; Royal and State Genealogies; Versions of the Scriptures; Sacred Philosophy; Councils; Works of the Fathers; Theology; Canon and Civil Laws; Ancient History; and Biography; also several Early printed Books, Chronicles, and Manuscripts. This extensive and valuable LIBRARY will be SOLD BY AUCTION, by MR. SOTHERBY, at his Room, Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, on Thursday, May 24, 1821, and the twelve following days, (weather excepted,) at twelve o'clock.
To be viewed on Monday, May 21, till the day of sale. Catalogues may be had at the place of Sale; of Mr. Bowler, Bond Street; J. M. Richardson, Cornhill; Mr. Parter, Oxford; Mr. Thorpe, Cambridge; Messrs. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Messrs. Hodges and McArthur, Dublin.

MINERVA SOCIETY.—This Society, whose object is Intellectual Improvement by the forensic discussion of Literary subjects, is desirous of increasing the number of its members. Those who attach any importance to a facility of speaking, a habit of reasoning, the acquisition of knowledge, or a rational entertainment, will, it is presumed, consider the Minerva Society worthy of their attention. The meetings of the Society are held every alternate Thursday evening, at the King's Head, Fenchurch. Those gentlemen who may be desirous of becoming members, can obtain further information of Mr. K. G. Speeding, Dovegate Wharf; or of Mr. Woodward, 9, Totten House Yard.

On the 1st of June will be published, elegantly printed and not-pressed, price 4s. in royal octavo, or 6s. in royal quarto, with Proofs on India Paper, No. 24.

VIEWS of the SEATS of NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, in ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND; engraved in the line manner, by the first Artists, from Drawings by J. P. Neale, author of "The History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey," &c.; accompanied with letter-press Descriptions.

The rich Specimens of Architectural beauty in the possession of our Nobility and Gentry, with which the fertile and highly cultivated districts of our own country are embellished, offer to the hand of Art, Subjects of very considerable interest. The Proprietors of this Work have determined to select those of the greatest importance for Graphic Representation, and to spare neither pains nor expense in making it worthy the patronage of a liberal and enlightened Public.

Subscribers are requested immediately to complete their Volumes of this Work:—not after Midsummer Day next, it will be necessary to raise the Prices of each Number as may be required for that purpose.—The Royal Octavo, to 4s. per Number, and the Royal Quarto, to 10s. In future, all Numbers for completing Volumes will be raised to these Prices, after the lapse of two Months from their completion.

Of the Views are respectfully recommended to such Persons as are desirous of further illustrating "The Beauties of England and Wales," as no View will be introduced which has not already appeared in that Work.

London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely and Jones, Paternoster Row; and sold by all the Booksellers and Printers; of whom may also be had the former Numbers.

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION to COLBURN and Co.'s BRITISH and FOREIGN PUBLIC LIBRARY, Ounduit Street, Hanover Square, London.

Extra Class.—Subscribers paying 10l. the Year, are allowed six volumes in Town, or 20 in the Country, and are entitled to the immediate perusal of every new Work desired.

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Besides the advantages arising from an immediate and abundant supply of new Publications, Subscribers to this Library have the right of choosing from a most extensive and valuable collection of the best Books, in the English, French, and Italian Languages whatever works they desire, which are regularly forwarded to all parts of England or the Continent.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Hutton's Abridgment of Buffon.

To be published on the 1st of June, handsomely printed, in 8vo. and embellished with two engravings by the first Artists, from original Designs by Corbould, No. 1. price Sixpence, of

BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY ABRIDGED; including the History of the Elements, the Earth, Mountains, Rivers, Seas, Winds, Whirlwinds, Waterwheels, Volcanos, Earthquakes, Meteors, Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Lizards, Serpents, Insects, and Vegetables.

This Work will be published weekly, each Number containing two elegant Engravings for sixpence; with proof impressions of the plates, eightpence; or coloured after Nature, one shilling; to be fully completed in fifty Numbers, with one hundred engravings.

This work is confidently presented to the Public as the cheapest periodical Publication in the world; and a guarantee will be given in the first Number, to continue it to the end in the same style; or the money will be returned. Gentlemen, Bookellers, &c. are requested to be early in their orders to ensure good impressions of the plates, which alone are worth three times the price of the Number.

A new edition, edited by the Rev. W. HUTTON, M.A. author of "The Book of Nature Laid open." Printed for the Editor; and sold by T. Tegg, Chancery; W. Sharpe, Covent Garden; and may be procured of all Booksellers in town and country.

Price to give orders for Hutton's Abridgment of Buffon, No. 1.

Liver Complaints.

FACTS and OBSERVATIONS on OBSTRUCTIONS of the LIVER, and those various, extensive, and often complicated derangements of the Digestive, Internal Organs, and Nervous System, originating from this source: Practical Remarks on the different properties of the Biliary and Gastric Secretions, and upon other important points essential to Health. With an Appendix of Cases, illustrative of the principles of Treatment. The fourth edition, enlarged, price 4s. By JOHN FAITHORN, M.D. Printed for Longman and Co. Paternoster Row; and also by Constable, Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin; Williams, Chesterham; Perry, Loughborough; and Blackburn, Harrogate.

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